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ANTIOCH the REVIEW

WINTER '62-'63 VOLUME XXII NO. 4

Integration and Pluralism Viewed from Hawaii 397
article by J. MILTON YINGER

To a Small Girl Clutching a Dove 411
poem by DAVID CORNEL DEJONG

Stealing Forsythia 412
poem by RUTH WHITMAN

The Petitioners 413
story by MORTON FINEMAN

Can 425
poem by STEPHEN SANDY

"On the Third Day—" 426
poem by EVELYN ADAMS

The Hustler as Hero 427
article by STANLEY TRACHTENBERG

A Sampler of the Poetry of E. Hale Chatfield 435
introduced by JUDSON JEROME

Snowshoe 443
story by CLAUDE F. KOCH

Audio Phobia 458
poem by CATHERINE THAXTER

The Naked Snail 459
poem by SUE ANN HARTLEY

Forty Thousand Fathers 460
poem by ROBERT SARGENT

Japan's Answer to the Population Explosion 461
article by CHESTER L. HUNT

Totems 475
poem by GEORGE CUOMO

A Gentlewoman's Sonnet 476
poem by ROBIN MORGAN

Scenes de la Mort Boheme 477
story by WILLIAM WISER

All the Soundless Music 494
poem by NORMAN FRIEDMAN

Poem (for P. L-S) 495
poem by JEFF BERNER

Plato: His Defenders and Detractors 496
article by R. D. LAKIN

Bridge 513
poem by HAROLD WITT

The Thirties: Gloom, Doom, and Promise 514
review article by LOUIS FILLER

Editor's Shop Talk

■ "Call" is the key journalistic word used in reporting national crises: Khrushchev's bluff is called; the reserves are called up; the President calls upon the nation's fortitude; the Security Council is called into session; important callers call at the White House in response to urgent calls. On college campuses, too, the student action groups call out their demonstrators, critics call them all sorts of things, and faculty and administration call upon reserves of tolerance to deal with both groups.

During the Cuban crisis a new element was added to these campus callings-forth. Heretofore teachers found themselves in the classic civil liberties stance between the two camps—defending the right of expression of opinions with which they might disagree against those who would deny the expression because they disagreed with the opinion. It was sometimes difficult for a teacher with strong feelings about the necessity of nuclear testing, for instance, to defend his students' public protests of testing; and it is all too easy to understand how prejudiced opinion could confuse this defense with endorsement. How many letters does the average college president receive per week asking that he reverse his decision on student sit-in activity, campus speakers, peace marchers, picketing? It is, therefore, a victory for civil liberties and the best possible answer to these critics that the Cuban crisis called forth opposing demonstrators, groups of "conservatives" as well as "radicals," picketers who defended the U.S. action, who opposed

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it, who demanded invasion, who wanted our missiles dismantled as well, or who wanted it known that none of these opinions were *their* opinions. We do not mean to imply that these opposing opinions neatly cancel each other out, leaving liberal education unsullied and uncommitted in the safe middle ground. But we do think it demonstrates again that the right to express opinion is fundamental and that the opinion you ask to suppress may be your own.

The individual teacher may still wonder privately whether the instant wisdom displayed by students who can so quickly rally demonstrations of opinion on large and complex questions truly represents the educated mind. He may try to introduce more effective, if less colorful, ways of putting beliefs into action than by wearing one's heart on a placard. But, if he is any kind of educator, he is rather happy to hear the noise and confusion of conflicting student ideologies on campus. It is a far cry from the days of five and ten years ago when college teachers, remembering their own green years in the thirties, bemoaned the conformity, the political apathy, the inertness of their students.

■ The little magazine movement in America passed some sort of milestone this fall with the appearance of *The Dallas Review*, subtitled "A patriotic little magazine." If flattery is the sincerest form of imitation, the little magazines have been paid what from any other source would be called a left-handed compliment. Let us quote (since nobody for whom we paraphrased it believed us) from the statement of purpose and appeal for funds which accompanies, in true little magazine style, the first issue:

"Even today, when pro-American voices are heard in AMERICAN OPINION, THE DAN SMOOT REPORT, THE CONSERVATIVE DIGEST, and other publications, no patriotic *little magazine* in the literary sense was available nationally until the appearance of this first issue of the DALLAS REVIEW. The lack is extremely important since the little magazine has been for two generations the major communication media between Communist cadres in America and university fellow travelers, both faculty and student. Slight or shoddy as the format of many little magazines has been, they have served as incredibly efficient offensive weapons through the twin fronts of Marxism and Freudianism. The Beat Generation campaign, for example, was staged and mounted as strictly a San Francisco Bay Area little magazine offensive and did not touch the national front in the slick magazines until it had peaked in nationally circulated little magazines.

"We of the DALLAS REVIEW intend to infiltrate the little magazine field from and for God, The Constitution, etc. That our beginnings are slight is no dismay to us, but we do lack funds. The Left Wing is always able to touch money. This initial issue of the DALLAS REVIEW appears on speculation alone. The publishers simply did not have funds for this issue and have borrowed. With sufficient funds, we will pay our bills and enlarge our format and circulation. At this time, DALLAS REVIEW subscription is free on signed, personal request. We ask your patronage, and we sell advertising

(continued on page 520)

Integration and Pluralism Viewed from Hawaii

By J. MILTON YINGER

■ In an article in the *Encyclopedia of Social Science*, Edward Sapir describes in a delightful way the mutually contradictory functions of fashion. In the changing, mobile societies where fashion prevails, many persons are torn between a desire to be different, to stand out in the crowd, and a desire to belong, to feel the security of group acceptance. Fashion, which is custom in the guise of departure from custom, is an effort to negotiate between these two desires. A woman is dismayed at the thought of appearing in public in a hat that is not stylish at the given time and place—with a brim too wide or not wide enough, with feathers and dangles when simplicity is the mode. Thus she seeks to belong, to be like the others. The only thing that would dismay her more than excessive difference would be to discover that she is wearing a hat exactly like another's. To put the problem in terms of our theme, she wants integration, but she also wants pluralism. Or, in Sapir's words, she seeks the invigorating but comforting feeling of "adventurous safety."

Lionel Trilling has somewhere expressed the same idea by noting the tension between the desire for non-conformity and the desire to belong securely to a group. We resolve the issue by deciding to be non-conformists together.

J. MILTON YINGER is Professor of Sociology and Anthropology at Oberlin College. In collaboration with his colleague, George E. Simpson, he is the author of an earlier article in the *Review* as well as of the well-known study, *Racial and Cultural Minorities: An Analysis of Prejudice and Discrimination*. More recently he has published *Religion, Society, and the Individual*. This article is based on one of a series of lectures given by the author at Town Hall, Los Angeles, and Pomona College with the support of the John Randolph Haynes and Dora Haynes Foundation.

Thus the topic of this paper has wide applicability. It is my concern, however, to refer only to its relevance for the study of minority groups. Let us define integration as a situation in which the members of a society, regardless of their race, religion, or national origin, move freely among one another, sharing the same opportunities and the same privileges and facilities on an equal basis. Thus defined, the term carries to some degree a connotation of assimilation: the loss of separating group identities, with differentiation only on an individual basis.

Pluralism, of course, means something quite different. Membership in distinctive ethnic, religious, or cultural groups is accepted and even applauded. Pluralistic societies pride themselves on the freedom granted to diverse groups to preserve their different cultural heritages, support various religions, speak different languages, and develop independent associations. This freedom is qualified only by the requirement of loyalty to the prevailing political and economic systems.

It is scarcely necessary to document the assertion that strong networks of private associations, based on the ideal of pluralism, do not weaken the cohesion of a democratic society but actually strengthen it. Such networks serve both to relate an individual, through groups that are close and meaningful to him, to the large, complex society, and also to protect him from excessive encroachments on his freedom by that society. A totalitarian state begins at once to try to destroy private associations—free trade unions, independent churches, autonomous news agencies, or lingual and cultural groups different from the majority—because they are bulwarks against domination by the state.

If these propositions are correct, they raise serious questions in connection with current trends in the United States: Does a democratic society require integration among its diverse peoples; or are minority groups actually an expression of legitimate pluralism? Does the process of desegregation threaten the balance of integration and pluralism? Has "segregation" been made into a loaded word that supports an attack on a desirable pluralism? Can we agree on the criteria by means of which it is possible to distinguish between undemocratic discrimination and valuable cultural differentiation?

I have no hope of answering these questions definitively, but if I

can raise them in a useful way, we may be led to a productive re-examination of the issues involved. Perhaps the basic task is to explore the place of minority groups in complex societies and to distinguish them from pluralistic groups.

Although we shall be concerned only with the United States, the issues involved are international. In fact, excepting only war and the threat of war, perhaps no other topic arouses more interest around the world than the treatment of minority groups. South Africa's policy toward the Bantu minority (this is not a numerical term, of course; the Bantu make up seventy per cent of the population of South Africa) is a subject for serious conversations in the United Nations. Problems connected with Algerians in Paris, Jamaicans in London, and Puerto Ricans in New York receive widespread attention in their own and their host countries and throughout the world. Periodic anti-Semitism continues to be used as a weapon by the Soviet government. The Prime Minister of Ghana jails his opponents and denies them civil liberties, thus converting them from a political opposition into a minority group. Communist China carries on an active campaign to stamp out what it calls "regional nationalism"—ethnic, religious, and lingual groups that show less than full enthusiasm for the central government. The dominant Singhalese of Ceylon oppose any separatist or pluralistic tendencies among the Tamil. One could go on. These are few societies in the world today without minority groups—groups that are singled out by the rulers or individuals, or both, for discriminatory treatment. Needless to say, the United States is prominent on the list of such societies, both because of her serious minority problems and because of her position as leader of the free world.

Recently, a great deal has been said about the injury done to America's international position by the undemocratic treatment of minorities. Without wanting at all to minimize that problem, which is exceedingly important, I seek here to explore the consequences of discrimination for the internal life of the nation.

I believe it is no exaggeration to say that how America deals with the minorities question is the most significant internal problem before us at this point in history. It would be overly dramatic to suggest that an issue has its moment on stage, as a democratic society struggles to become a fully unified nation; but a case can be made

for reading history that way. We have moved from the struggle for independence, to conflict over universal manhood suffrage and representation, to the battle for unity, to the problem of the place of the worker in an industrial society, to the issue of setting a subsistence floor under the whole economy, to the task of joining the world made suddenly small. None of these issues, particularly, of course, the last, has been resolved; but the institutional framework for their resolution has been invented. And in this context we are coming to see that the full solution of each of the previous great issues depends to an important degree on the wise incorporation of minority groups into national life. This problem, of course, is not new, for we have been a nation of minorities from the beginning. But if our minorities are "Old American," as most of them are, serious attention to their place in society is not old. It would not be much of an exaggeration to say that twenty-five years ago the nation was largely unmindful of what this democratic society had to offer to persons of Negro, Mexican, Indian, or Oriental descent. Yet today the issue presses in on us. Our complacency is broken. A truly massive migration, a revolution of rising expectations—applying not simply to the Congo, to China, or to Egypt, but to our own minorities—war and cold war emphasis on our democratic leadership, and many other forces have made the minorities question unavoidable. Slowly we have developed new ideas and inventions in human relations; but the process is painful. It is not easy to get rid of an old institution.

In the study of the relation of integration to pluralism in the United States, one's attention is easily drawn to Hawaii. Among the images that cross the minds of mainlanders when they think of this cosmopolitan state, perhaps none stands out more vividly than the picture of diverse racial and cultural groups living peacefully side by side—indeed interacting freely with one another—while yet maintaining some sense of their separate identities. How accurate is this picture? What can we learn from the Hawaiian experience that has relevance for other parts of the country? Do we find there both integration and pluralism?

Recently, such questions as these were in my mind as I left for six months of research and teaching in Hawaii. I had never been to the Islands, but I was acquainted with the picture drawn in anthro-

pological and sociological literature, a picture not uncomplicated by travel brochures, novels, and the glowing accounts of friends.

From the mainland, of course, Hawaii performs some subtle functions in our harried lives. It carries some of the load of our erotic imagery—the Polynesian maiden by the limpid pool—and offers some relief from our mingled fears and guilt over tense intergroup relations in the rest of the nation. On the islands these functions are somewhat less obvious. To some degree the imagery has to be pushed back to Tahiti (and in Tahiti, perhaps, to Bora Bora). And the intergroup relations picture is more complicated than it appears at first glance.

I need take little time describing the population of the state. Roughly speaking, it is one-third Caucasian (a group that now includes the Portuguese and most of the Puerto Ricans), one-third Japanese, one-sixth Hawaiian (a royal mixture, for only a small proportion of this one-sixth is full-blooded Polynesian), eleven per cent Filipino, six per cent Chinese, and in small proportion Korean, Samoan, and Negro. It is the only state in the union with a non-Caucasian majority.

To say that these groups live in perfect harmony would be an exaggeration. There are some ethnic prejudices and discriminatory practices, expressed largely in a kind of ethnic hierarchy. I shall not undertake here to offer an explanation for the ranking, except to say that it is based to an important degree on the chronology of migrations to the Islands. Each succeeding wave of migrants, with the exception of mainland Caucasians, has entered the status structure at the bottom. The groups that came to Hawaii earlier, therefore, have moved up to higher status levels in a way similar to the rise of European immigrants in the United States. Chronology alone, of course, does not account for the present rough correlation between ethnic group and class position. The occupational and class origins of the migrants are involved, and variation in cultural preparation for life in a literate and technologically developed society must be considered. Racial prejudice as such plays only an unimportant part in producing the status patterns.

The result of these and other influences has been to place most Filipinos and Negroes near the bottom at the present time, along with some Puerto Ricans. Equally disadvantaged are most of the

full-blooded Hawaiians who struggle with a problem not unlike that of many American Indians. They are unable to live by their aboriginal ways and yet are blocked by their own values and by the biases they meet from participation in the larger society. They feel some resentment, particularly toward the Japanese, who have moved rapidly ahead of them.

Above these groups are the part-Hawaiians and the Japanese, many of whom are moving with great speed up the educational, occupational, and income ladders. The Chinese, earlier migrants to the Islands, are further ahead still. One can occasionally detect a patronizing tone in their references to the Japanese, but on the whole they are friendly toward them. The high status of the Chinese, in turn, is slightly qualified by a touch of "anti-Semitism," for in Hawaii, as in lands of the Western Pacific, the business successes of the Chinese have sometimes led to their identification as "the Jews of the Orient."

The Caucasians (somewhat resentfully, the Haoles) are no longer the clearly dominant group. Most of the large business operations are still in their hands, but the overwhelming power of the Big Five has been dispersed since the war. The average income of the Chinese is now a little higher than that of the Haoles. Statehood has increased the importance of the political process and strengthened the position of the non-Caucasians.

The older generations of some of these groups, particularly the Chinese, Japanese, and Haoles, have taught their children some sense of separation if not of overt prejudice against other groups. This is partly the result of a desire to preserve distinctive cultural heritages and partly an expression of disdain for those who have not yet shown much talent for status improvement in an urban world. At the University of Hawaii, where I secured responses to a lengthy questionnaire from 500 persons, most students feel vaguely guilty about their tendencies toward categorical judgments. They have become self-conscious about their stereotypes; and most of them freely cross racial and ethnic lines in their friendship choices. Yet the results of the ethnocentric aspects of their training are still apparent, with reference, for example, to Filipinos. There are few Filipino students at the University. Although they are now moving up the status ladder, they are relative newcomers to the Islands; most still

occupy low status jobs in the plantation areas. Since many of the University students are from Honolulu, they have little direct contact with Filipinos. This does not prevent a large proportion, however, from "knowing" that Filipinos are quick-tempered, revengeful, impulsive, musical, and quarrelsome. These adjectives were selected from a long list more than four times as frequently as one would have expected as a result of random choice. Yet it should also be said that over half of the students would welcome a Filipino as a close friend and less than ten per cent expressed strong hostility.

Although these observations qualify the view that Hawaii is a state almost lacking in intergroup hostility, the total picture remains one of relatively little stereotyping and discrimination. The light animosities that do exist are based more nearly on class differences than on race or ethnic origin. They are projected downward, for the most part, to the lower prestige groups. The Caucasians, however, are not universally applauded. An undertone of resentment is well expressed by the story of Japanese workers, furiously shovelling the hot lava that was pouring down the mountain from a volcano, trying to prevent it from rolling into a village. A Haole observer, who stood nearby to watch the spectacle, remarked to a friend: "That lava looks hot as hell" "Oh, those Haoles," said one Japanese worker to another, "they've been everywhere."

For many Caucasians in Hawaii, racial and ethnic lines are utterly unimportant. But there are patches of exclusiveness and old-fashioned prejudice. Although many professional positions are filled by persons of Oriental descent, there are some high-level business positions not fully open to non-Caucasians. There also remain a few segregated streets and golf, canoe, and business clubs. To some degree these represent the continuation of the old order when the Territory was a plantation with white overlords and Oriental and Polynesian field hands—to put it, of course, all too simply. That order is gone, but not all the ideas have changed. Some younger Caucasians also defend these segregated patches with a somewhat plaintive feeling as they see how things are going—"we can't let the upstarts take over everything."

One would draw a false picture if he did not include these things. Yet they truly seem incidental. The impressive fact is that the state, only a short way removed from near-feudalism, is very nearly inte-

grated—residentially, economically, educationally. This does not mean there are no class differences, for the class range is as wide in Hawaii as elsewhere. Nor does it imply that ethnic lines do not to some degree correlate with class. It means that categorical barriers against a group simply on grounds of group membership are rare. Even intermarriage is common. Between 1957 and 1959, one-third of all marriages in Hawaii were between persons of different ethnic or racial groups. Thirty-five per cent of the babies during that period were born to couples of mixed racial or ethnic origin. Another generation or two of this and it will be the wise child who knows his own great-grandfathers.

It is also important to emphasize that despite the low level of prejudice and the extent of integration among its many groups, Hawaii has not destroyed the sense of group identity. Perhaps the keenest impression that one gets in the state is the remarkable blend of integration and pluralism. Many Buddhist temples have established Sunday schools, and the children sing "Buddha loves me, this I know." But some Buddhist priests return to Japan to study the classic ways of their particular sect in order to preserve it without contamination in the new land. The University is a blend of all the peoples in the state, although class and ethnic factors are involved in the distribution; yet there are Chinese and Caucasian and Japanese sororities such as would be banned on some mainland campuses. When beauty contest time arrives, there are several candidates from each group who delightfully uphold the value of pluralism, and there are "cosmopolitans" to uphold the value of integration. And then not one but seven winners are chosen. Considering the number of lovely girls in Hawaii, no other arrangement is thinkable.

This, then, is the outstanding fact. Despite patchy discrimination, Hawaii has an amazing amount of unity in diversity. Somehow the state has preserved distinctive groups with visibly different subcultures, yet maintains integration among them. It is perhaps too early to know whether this is a purely temporary state of affairs, the fortunate balance of forces at a moment in time, or a surface phenomenon that hides deep rifts or, oppositely, hides powerful forces toward uniformity. However this may be, the Hawaiian situation at the present can be of great significance to the whole country, not

because it will cause us on the mainland to change, but because it shows us a pattern of what can take place. Even though its causal importance is small, Hawaii can be an effective symbol at a time when America is experiencing in acute form the age-old problem of integration versus pluralism. How does a democratic society maintain a sense of unity at the same time that it permits, or perhaps even encourages, diversity? Does the idea of pluralism support some forms of segregation? If not, can distinctive cultures and points of view be maintained to enrich the nation and broaden the public debate? But if so, can certain forms of segregation be prevented from supporting undemocratic discrimination?

This is truly a difficult and paradoxical question. It is not always easy to distinguish between segregation (arbitrary and discriminatory separation) and legitimate pluralism. We want to support pride in one's group, the protection of its contribution to the national life, a meaningful tie to one's parents. Yet these can be related to a separatism that splits a society in serious ways. Let me undertake to state in a formal way a few basic principles that may help us to answer this question: When is a line of distinction undesirable segregation as contrasted with legitimate pluralism?

A line of distinction is undesirable segregation, not legitimate pluralism, when it is related in hidden ways to other lines of separation. A men's club, justified on the grounds that one has a right to pick his friends, often has covert or even obvious significance in politics and the higher job market. To be excluded from the club is to be kept, not just from a friendship circle, but from important economic and political participation. Housing segregation, often justified on much the same grounds, is frequently—one can almost say, I think, universally—related to segregation in schools, parks, and jobs. Above all, housing segregation separates the child from accessibility to the larger culture which he must master if he is to improve his situation.

Let me ask the question again: When does a line of distinction become undesirable segregation; when is it legitimate pluralism? When the separation is systematic or total it is undesirable segregation. It is one thing, for example, for a city to have a few lily-white neighborhoods. It is another thing to have massive ghettoization. That a non-Caucasian finds it difficult or impossible to buy a house

in some areas of Makiki Heights in Honolulu may represent an unfortunate snobbishness, but its significance is vastly different from almost total exclusiveness in a city. Patches of segregation may be acceptable in a democracy, in the name of individual freedom (freedom even to be snobbish, however much one may think another impoverishes his life thereby). Systematic segregation, however, which allows minority-group members few escape hatches produces vastly more difficult problems, for the minorities and for the total community.

A third answer to the same question: When the segregation is designed to keep certain groups out, rather than to get or keep persons with certain characteristics in; that is, when it is exclusive rather than inclusive, it is an undesirable separation. Those who defend a white neighborhood do not say we want to get all whites, or all those whites who are of a given educational and economical level, in. They say: we want to keep non-whites out.

And finally, segregation is unacceptable when it is not based on some generally recognized cultural or functional distinction. When engineers are kept out of the AMA or non-Catholics from the Newman Club, no one objects. Exclusion of well-qualified Negroes from the Metropolitan or Cosmos Club in Washington, however, can scarcely be explained in cultural or functional terms.

These principles are neither exhaustive nor mutually exclusive, but together they may be helpful in making the moral decision so critically necessary today. Perhaps they can be summarized in these words: Separation is legitimate in a democracy when it is freely chosen and not coerced, when it does not deny any group access to the mainstreams of the culture while giving others an advantage, when it does not so warp the personalities of some—by denying them hope and the opportunity to learn the skills and values of the society—that not only they but the whole nation suffers.

There is probably substantial, but not complete, agreement among Americans on these principles. There is less agreement on how they can and should be applied to our current situation. It is relatively easy to apply them to Hawaii, where, for a number of reasons associated with the history of the Islands—a story I cannot examine here—their relevance is easy to see. It is vastly more difficult

to apply these principles to minority-majority relations on the mainland, where we struggle painfully with problems associated with arbitrary segregation and discrimination based largely on race. There are some, of course, who resist the current process of change because they know that the white man is superior or because they want to preserve some advantage. But there are others who are troubled by the problem of pluralism. They ask, without understanding perhaps, but also without malice: "Why can't Negroes (or, less urgently, other non-whites or ethnically different groups) be content with 'their own' schools, residential areas, churches, and work situation?" And in the background we hear a small but growing number of Negroes—many of them members of the Black Muslims—answer: "Indeed, why not?" Their response is aggressive and divisive, however, not pluralistic. The answer we seek is complicated, but two aspects stand out:

First, the country cannot afford to allow them to "be content with their own . . ." because this implies a continuing separation from the mainstream of American culture. And it is just this separation that has produced such grave problems among Negroes as we face today. The separation began when their ancestors were torn from their homelands, deprived of any chance to maintain their cultures, and had their family patterns disrupted. The disasters of slavery were perpetuated by the semi-feudal system that followed—a system that has only recently been weakened. One of America's important tasks is to bring more Negroes, and the members of other disprivileged groups, into full participation in the total culture. Until we do, we shall continue to suffer such painful consequences of their isolation as a heavy crime rate, the loss of skills, the relative lack of educational disciplines and values, and carelessness with public and private property.

These consequences were kept down, or at least affected the total society less severely, so long as most Negroes were isolated and helpless on the plantation. This has led some persons to argue, with nostalgia, that those were better times. Perhaps they were, if one fears conflict more than he approves justice. To many, however, it seems better to struggle for justice even at the cost of some conflict. This issue is academic in any event, for Negroes have left the farm; they are dreaming the American dream; they are no longer docile.

We could not have developed a mobile, industrial, urban society without this happening. Our clear choice now is to bear the costs of frustrating the drive toward equality of colored Americans or to do everything possible to speed their absorption, with full hope and opportunity, into all aspects of national life.

The second aspect of my answer to the question "why cannot they be content with their own . . .?" is closely related to the first. Negroes do not have a distinctive tradition and culture. They are not a "group" in any meaningful definition of the term. The slavery experience smashed their native heritage but gave them only particles of a new one. As old Americans, they share the full culture, to which they have contributed richly, or they invent a new one. And this we certainly know: An impoverished, frustrated, angry collectivity invents a poor culture. Built on isolation and resentment, it is more likely to be an attack on the established way of life, a contraculture that denies the old values without having anything to put in their place, than a creative new culture.

The continued separation of racial minorities is not pluralism in anything more than a numerical sense. For a group to play a part in a meaningful pluralism, its members must share a viable tradition. It is not enough to be bound together by a distinction which has lost its historic significance; and it certainly is not enough to be identified by an arbitrary distinction that has no basis in cultural history or contemporary choice.

Even the kind of pluralism found in Hawaii today should not be looked upon as sacrosanct. One's cultural and national origins still affect life in significant ways despite a great deal of interaction across ethnic lines. But this may not be the case for many more generations. It is not easy to maintain a style of life, however dignified and valuable at its point of origin, in the vastly different setting of a cosmopolitan city in another society. The decline of distinctive traditions, however, need not be a loss. What would impoverish Hawaii and the whole nation would be the loss of contributions from each of the separate groups to the new and heterogeneous culture of modern society. Perhaps our emphasis should be not on historic pluralism, with its tendency toward rigidity and orientation to the past, but on a *contemporary pluralism*. By that phrase I seek to emphasize the contribution of many historic traditions to a new

diverse culture; but I seek also to stress the value of freedom for individuals and new groups to choose from the variety and to create new cultural syntheses.

Hawaii has moved a long way from segregation and prejudice toward historic pluralism. Indeed, the complex intermingling of peoples takes her close to contemporary pluralism. The developments there during the last half century clearly show that diversity of race and culture need not be a barrier to integration. When the tests we have proposed are applied to the lines of separation in Hawaii, these lines are shown to be substantially if not completely legitimate by democratic standards. Separate social groups do not serve, to a strong degree, covert economic and political functions; separation is not massive or total; separate groups tend to be inclusive rather than exclusive; and they are based in most instances on significant cultural differences.

Race relations on the mainland, however, fail the tests we have proposed at almost every point. The separation is an expression, not of pluralism, but of discrimination. The task of a democratic society, therefore, is to make possible and to insist upon, not to prevent, the entry of Negroes and other disprivileged minorities into full participation in American life.

From our various perspectives, it is difficult to see the full complexity of this task. Some liberals, playing down the harm done by segregation and discrimination, make the minority-group members the heroes of the piece while dominant-group members are the villains. There are indeed minority-group heroes—persons of amazing accomplishments in the face of great odds. But there are also heroic white men. Is it not better to see us all in our common humanity—members of a species that has none too good a heart or head—struggling with grievous problems? If the social evils of segregation and discrimination are as monstrous as the liberals say—and I believe they are—then they must create some monstrous facts—as unhappily they do.

The conservative emphasizes those very facts. What *he* fails to see are the social practices and institutions that created and preceded those facts. He takes them simply as given. He sees a school deteriorate, as sometimes happens, when it is flooded with children from impoverished, segregated backgrounds with no educational

tradition. He knows the comparative rates of crime. There is no need to deny such facts. But we do need to ask where they came from and how they can be removed. When we see a small Negro or Puerto Rican or Mexican child, we know that destructive patterns are not preordained in him. Yet we are caught in a vicious cycle so long as we use the contemporary facts to justify refusal to change the very conditions which produced those facts. I do not want to minimize the difficulties. Every step toward integration is painful, because we must enlarge the circle of interaction and participation of persons who have not—for want of opportunity—absorbed the full range of the community's values. But it is futile to say: pull yourself up by your own bootstraps and then we will integrate. The social steps have to be taken first, as an act of faith, if you will.

Happily, the act of faith is supported by many facts. Many minority-group persons, caught in deeply disprivileged circumstances, have nevertheless broken out, with the support of an exceptional parent, a friendly businessman, a superior mind, a religious faith—the sources of such an accomplishment are numerous. So deep is the commitment of most minority-group members to American values that every small gain yields surprising dividends. This may not long be the case. In the midst of a world-wide struggle for freedom, their hopes have been aroused as never before. A continued frustration of their aspirations will lead to an increase in extremist views and resentful actions. This is the time to move decisively.

To a Small Girl Clutching a Dove

By DAVID CORNEL DEJONG

Now, pink-one, thatched with gold—
like an important Slavic icon—
the bird you clutch is the holy ghost
and no lark or feathered caroler;
it will make you half-realize and
beneath your nipples coy with sin.

You say it drifted to you casually?
It perched on your palm to nuzzle
you delicately? But truly it is filled
with destructive germs and its head
is like a mamba's. Please suck a sourball
instead and devise paper birds.

July-beetle eyes, a mien not unlike
a navel popped out; yes, it is holier
than thou, and I know nothing can soothe
it except a headlong massacre of all
who plan to gamble with passion,
to make you take the veil inspite.

DAVID CORNEL DEJONG's poetry has appeared widely in American periodicals. He has published three books of verse, two volumes of short stories, and ten novels.

Stealing Forsythia

By RUTH WHITMAN

I came back with the sun smeared on my hands,
A yellow guilt
Pulled from my neighbor's bush,
Ten yellow branches
Moist with guilt and joy,
Caged in a green vase on the piano top.

Each time I pass my green and stolen prize
I feel again the greening of my years.

I would steal light from any bush,
Rob any blaze from heaven for my vase,
Just as I danced once on your wooden floor,
Naked and sudden,
Whirling you in a waltz,
Or did you whirl me,
Shaking the yellow spring
From rafters winter-stained with penitence?

That's the way I'd always have my guilt,
Sudden, high, a theft of fire, a dance,
A secret flowering of forsythia.

RUTH WHITMAN, whose first book was published this fall, has made recordings of her poetry for the Harvard Vocarium and the Fairleigh Dickinson Poetry Library and spent last summer at the MacDowell Colony. This poem won the Reynolds Lyric Award of the Poetry Society of America this year.

The Petitioners

By MORTON FINEMAN

■ We only know when a story begins to end; never when it begins. So the ending of this story began one day with Barney helping me train for the cross country team. He'd already earned letters for track, baseball, and football, and he stood an excellent chance of being selected right end for the All Public High Football Team next season and as a result being offered an athletic scholarship. These summer-morning practice sessions initiated by me were a chore for both of us, though for different reasons.

Opposite the row of gabled boat houses along the Schuylkill, a gray-uniformed park guard attending to the traffic on the drive passed along a small but genial horse laugh as we entered the long, cool tunnel of sycamores and eventually slowed to a trot. To our left, spring water splashed loud and cool-sounding from the protruding lower lip of a moss-coated gargoyle head. The sound was ancient and melodic, as if music were coming from the rocky promontory looming over the drive and the river. Barney knew I wanted a drink. "You're not finished," he said, smiling, and then effortlessly accelerated his stride to breast an imaginary tape in the blue-green distance of the park. I followed, losing ground with each step, but trying grimly to practice the gospel about breathing and the use of the arms. I reached him, tired and a mighty poor second. Composed, sweating lightly, he regarded me as he might have an exhausted stranger who had accidentally stumbled into his realm of physical competence.

MORTON FINEMAN writes: "I've been in most of the quarterly jobs, the big ones like *Playboy* and *Cosmopolitan*, and in the best short story collections, in anthologies in Great Britain. A baseball story of mine was reprinted in Finland, and since I can't read the language of that country I'll never know what a description of a squeeze play sounds like in Finnish."

His appearance, the lithe, co-ordinated, smoothly muscular body must have originated from his mother's side of the family, because his father—S. Cusak as the name appeared in round gold letters on both windows of the corner bakery—was a little man, secretive as a mud turtle, and obviously much older than Mrs. Cusak. Barney's mother waited on the customers while Mr. Cusak tended the two ovens in the cellar, which he entered and left by iron doors in the pavement, two rusted bat wings held apart by a length of pipe. You could see him sometimes perched half way up on the wooden cellar steps, wearing a white shirt and trousers and a tall baker's cap; see him smoking a cigarette as he gazed at the street and listened to the voices of children playing in the sun. Below, the fiery heat of the ovens cast forth memorable fragrances of baking rolls and pastries. Even now, so many years after all this began and ended, I am dissatisfied with the quality of the poppy seed rolls my wife buys. Her position is that I am simply a nut about poppy seed rolls. In the cold of winter or the heat of summer, Mr. Cusak looked the same, his eyelashes and eyebrows flecked with the white of flour, thin blue-veined hands glistening with cleanliness and trembling faintly as he lifted one to remove the cigarette from his lips. I never saw him in the house, and I wondered whether he slept beside the ovens. Sometimes he looked back through the window at his wife, joking and laughing with a customer, and he smiled as if her grace, her handsomeness, her comparative youth were adequate compensation for his slavery at the ovens.

In everyone's life much is unspoken; each person carries around bits of the past, like the half-forgotten debris scattered in various pockets of coats and trousers. Once in a while on the drive in the morning, enroute to my law office, I see the runners on the paths. Sometimes I remember Barney and his family for the briefest of moments and wonder what happened to him after the summer he helped me train came to such an abrupt end, and whether Mrs. Cusak is still alive and happier than she was then. I smile at the runners in their white sweat shirts and shorts. They look so young, so earnest, so purposeful, and the ghost of Barney runs with them at such moments of recollection.

Barney reached into the car and tossed one of the towels to me. It was my car, a black, square four-door Nash sedan, eight years old

and outfitted with torn side curtains, cut-glass flower vases on the posts, and jump seats. It was forty bucks worth of car, plus twenty for two new rear tires. My ownership proclaimed that I was Harry's boy: only son of the Republican ward leader, who sent his family to Atlantic City each summer, a gesture of affluence few of his voters could match. Though they went practically hog wild for the promises of the New Deal Democrats and listened to all the fireside chats, they remembered that they lived in a Philadelphia river ward. Harry's dictum on voting was like something cut into stone tablets, and Sinai was our living room. Harry managed to evoke mysterious municipal generosity toward delinquent real estate taxes, quick entry on the relief rolls, or admission to the W.P.A.; he rescued errant sons from magistrates' court and postponed constable sales.

Now that I was old enough to have a driver's license, I had to stay home from school on election days, including primaries, and help convoy Harry's voters to the polls throughout the ward. A committeeman, with a list he kept scowling and fretting over, rode with me; he told me where to stop, and he'd climb out and bring them from the houses. Some got a dollar, some got two, some just a drink; but everybody got something on election day. Harry cruised the ward like a range boss. When he came in sight, the committeeman in that division scurried over to his side of the car and leaned his head in to talk to Harry. I never remember Harry leaning out through the open window. I didn't have to worry about Thanksgiving or Christmas, though, because Harry had the turkeys delivered by truck.

Daily, people cleared by their committeeman for the visit waited their turn to be admitted to Harry's presence; to stand with him (he never encouraged them to sit) off to a corner of the living room. His arm was always around the shoulders of the petitioner of the moment, and he smiled and listened and spoke quietly. If the petitioner was lucky, he would see what he could do with a certain party, saying it in Yiddish or Polish or Ukranian, the languages of the ward. He never mentioned names in any language. Privately, and in English, he called these sessions the "how's the good wife and family hour." His trick was to keep them waiting in the foyer until their hope was whittled down to a size he could manage.

He was a tall, beefy, almost dandified figure by contrast to his petitioners. The French cuffs, for instance. He owned fourteen sets

of cuff links and three homburgs: pearl gray, black, and dark brown. But everybody called him Harry. They could feel closer to a first name deity.

The Democrats didn't have a snowball's chance in hell in the ward, Roosevelt notwithstanding. His patronizing attitude about Roosevelt made me a champion of the New Deal at the dinner table where there was always at least one guest from the Hall. The guests were always very respectful toward him and I guess that was the clearest sign of his power. If he said I was a firebrand, they replied that I certainly was. It seemed to me then that we played minor roles in his life—my mother and sister and myself—and yet everything we did was colored by him. His world was stitched together by words: private, whispered conversations; long obscure telephone calls; quick monologues, instructing secretive committeemen. During the rare instances when he was alone and silent, he rested in his office next to the bedroom. Resting meant being sprawled out in his upholstered green mohair arm chair with a cold towel over his eyes and his shirt collar unbuttoned. My mother said his eyes were tired. She brought in fresh towels to replace the ones he was using. His eyes were always red veined and pouchy. The exchange of towels was made by her without words. "Harry talks to enough people when he's not resting," she said. He appreciated silence when he rested. People expected too much of him all the time, including me. People were ungrateful even though he did more for them than anybody else, including me. Everybody thought because Harry happened to be in politics, he could go around performing miracles. I was excluded from the last criticism. Naturally, my attitude was more serious, because here I was his own son fighting with him. If I had somebody else for a father, I'd soon appreciate him. I protested that I wasn't fighting with him. "Don't be so smart," she said, "because you know as well as I do that you don't have to holler at each other to fight. Just give me one good reason why you should fight with him?" she demanded.

It was a good question, and I did not have an answer that would make sense to her then, because, as it turned out, I was wrong. I thought I knew too much to be more than cynical about whatever hope they had placed in my father's care. I saw only the hundred-watt smile going off and on as a lie. I was more than my contempo-

raries and therefore considerably less, and that made me, in their eyes, a snotty bastard who had to be tolerated because of some present or future need of their parents for Harry. Barney was the only one I could leave without being talked about, and that loomed very large by my reckoning.

Barney and I got our trousers from off the seat of the Nash and put them on over the white cotton gym shorts. Barney handed me a pack of life savers and sat down on the running board. He whistled through his life saver and stared at me.

"You ought to give it up and go down the shore for the rest of the summer. Why the hell do you want what you can't have? You have to like something to be good at it, and you don't like to run. You're always thinking of when you can stop, or how good a drink of water would taste." He paused, rolling the lifesaver between his lips as if it were a tiny white wheel, and tried to grin at me. The lifesaver dropped to the grass between his feet. I didn't protest, because that always led to an argument which I invariably lost. He stood up. "We better get rolling. I have to go to work." Harry had gotten Barney a part-time summer job in the cemetery owned by a lodge of which he was a member.

"I'll drop you off," I said. "I don't have anything special to do." I put the stick shift in first and eased the long black Nash onto the drive.

"Listen, why don't you ask your old man to get you a job at the cemetery? It's not half as bad as it sounds. They don't want you around when there's a funeral going on. The idea is to have everything ready by the time the people get there."

"I wouldn't ask him to get me a job."

"You sure as hell won't get one on your own. Not these days. Jeezus, there must be twenty guys a day at the office asking about a job. Sometimes they stand there watching you, and you can tell they hate your guts," Barney said.

"I'd feel damn sorry for them."

"You can stand being sorry for somebody else," he said. "Don't you know that yet?"

We were on Nineteenth Street, passing the main library, and then the old Baldwin locomotive works. The long, dingy red brick buildings have long since been torn down. But in those depression

days the unused buildings had been converted by the city into shelters for homeless men who stood by the hour at the windows watching the traffic. Cars bunched up at the corner waiting for the light to change. Suddenly a barrage of empty tin cans spilled from the windows, bouncing off the roofs of the cars below. There was no sound from the men in the windows; just the tinny rattle and crash of the cans.

"The crumb bums," I said.

Even as I spoke, I felt sorry for them. Barney laughed. The laughter was not meant for me, but them and their silent, forlorn rage. He had a private imagery of ambition which nourished him in the desert of those years. I said I could walk away from him with faith, but I could not really face him when he showed what was below his disciplined exterior. He was after that athletic scholarship; then law school; then politics; and at last that great long feast.

"You know why you never get sore at me?" Barney said. "No matter what I say? Because I want what you'll get without even trying. Hell, in a way I flatter you." He grinned at me. "You just don't know you want it yet." "One of these days," he said with an abrupt switch back to himself, "I'm going to have one of those unlisted telephone numbers, like your old man." He slapped me on the thigh. "We're like brothers," he exclaimed and laughed softly. "You ever see him walking through City Hall? The day he took me down to see that guy about the job—Jeezus!"

"Yes," I said.

"Ah, the hell you have, Arnold. I mean really see him. He goes down those corridors like a goddamn prince of the church. Some of those jerks are practically begging to kiss his hand."

"Everybody's looking for a favor."

"That's not it." Barney shook his head. "They know he can do it—if he *wants* to, that's what gets me." Sooner or later every serious conversation we had came down to this adoration of Harry. I was sick of it, but I was trapped by Harry's importance to all of them. "Jeezus, when I compare him to my old man!"

"He makes the best damn poppy seed rolls I ever tasted," I said.

"A dumb Polack," Barney said harshly. "There's nothing dumber than a dumb Polack. If it wasn't for my mother, the dumb sonofabitch'd be bankrupt in six months." I'd heard this before, one

way or another, and so I kept silent. It was a confidence I wished I could avoid, or at least sidetrack. "I have to do it all myself," he cried suddenly. "When she's not in the goddamn store, she's either out shopping or visiting somebody."

"What's wrong with that? My mother and sister are always doing that too."

"Jeezus, you don't understand anything, do you?" Barney said. His anger bullied me into silence. I didn't understand, and I knew he wouldn't explain it. Yet I envied him and his promise. I was even a little awed by the violence of his feelings. It seemed to me that he had committed himself to things toward which I could only yearn secretly and that he was capable of all this because he was gifted in so many ways that I was not.

When I got home I went up to take a shower and change my clothes. As I walked along the hall to the bathroom, I could hear the murmur of my father's voice speaking on the telephone. The house was summer quiet and shaded. During the summer, when my mother and sister were away, Sarah, our maid, cooked dinner for us. Many evenings, though, I ate with Sarah because he was out. When that happened, he always asked me what Sarah had served for dinner, because he wanted to be sure I was eating food that was nourishing. I didn't particularly enjoy eating with Sarah, but it was preferable to the silence with which he and I sat at the dinner table. I could always depend on Sarah telling me what Rochester had said to Jack Benny, or something like that.

I came down to the kitchen. Sarah was sitting at the table eating white seedless grapes and reading a movie magazine. I took a handful of her grapes and went into the living room. My father's cowhide bag was packed and resting on the carpet near the door. Each Friday afternoon during the summer he drove to Atlantic City and returned on Monday. I hooked my legs over the arm of the sofa and ate the grapes lying down. After a moment, Sarah came in.

"Sit up right when you eat. You can't digest that way."

"Leave me alone, Sarah."

"I suppose you're going to hang around this Saturday and Sunday, too?" she said. "You act like a bum in one of those South Street saloons instead of a respectable Joosh boy. It's a wonder to me you ever took the trouble to get bar mitzah with a rabbi."

"The trouble with you is you got too much to say around here," I told her. "And you probably voted for Roosevelt, too, just like all the other colored people."

"I votes for Harry," she said grimly. "Straight Republican ticket. And if they'd let me, I'd vote for him a hundred times in a row."

"You're strictly Union League, kiddo."

"What's a Union League?"

"A club full of Republicans."

"Well, God bless them one and all," she said.

"And hooray for Harry."

"Hooray and hooray," she said. "I should smash your fresh face with my hand, the way you act, because he won't. And some day I will, big as you are, because I remember when the doctor tied your belly button and I put the first diaper on you upstairs in this house." Sarah got her handbag and black oilcloth shopping bag. "I'm going out. And I don't want to see any mess around when I come back. You're as bad as some of those Polacks and Ukranians that go stomping in and out of here."

"I thought I was like one of those bums in a South Street saloon."

"You're that too," she said.

I stretched out again and went back to eating grapes. I wasn't hungry, but I ate the grapes anyway. Boy, I thought, all we need in this house is a statue of Herbert Hoover, and I started to laugh sadly. Just as I was thinking of all the things I could do—call up a girl, or finish that novel by Louis Bromfield I'd started twice, or figure out where we could put a statue of Herbert Hoover if we had one—the doorbell rang and I went to see who it was.

Mr. Cusak looked at me. "If Harry's here, tell him Cusak wants to talk to him right away. Please," he said.

"Come in, Mr. Cusak. He's upstairs."

The only reminder of his usual self was the faint dusting of flour on his eyebrows and lashes. I had never seen him in a suit. This one was a double breasted blue serge, much too heavy for an August day. It was a coarse, boardy serge, and the original color of the buttons was ground off by repeated pressings. The trousers flowed about his legs as he moved; when he stopped the material settled around his legs like a flag coming to rest in a dying wind. His tie was a bright bloom of rayon, the knot loose and off to one side. His

neck came up from the white starched shirt collar like an exposed root. His blue eyes watered and blinked.

I left him in the living room and went to call my father. He was using the telephone again. He flattened his palm over the mouthpiece and asked, "What is it, Arnold?"

"Barney's father wants to see you."

"Tell him to wait. I'll be down in a few minutes."

"He looks very worried about something."

"They all do. Just tell him to wait."

I went downstairs. Mr. Cusak was standing there crying softly. "Did something happen to Barney?" I asked him.

"You're a good boy," he told me. He looked at me queerly, his eyes not focused properly, then turned away. Then he looked at me again. "Do I have to wait long?"

"No," I said. "He'll be down in a couple of minutes. Why don't you sit down, Mr. Cusak?" He turned away from me again. He didn't answer. All of them, waiting to see Harry, were vulnerable and lonely. I went out into the kitchen and ate more grapes, trying to watch Mr. Cusak without letting him see me.

Even before Harry was all the way down the stairs, Mr. Cusak began to shout up at him about his wife. Harry stared at him wearily, pausing on the last step as if reluctant on this humid August day to confront Mr. Cusak and his obvious trouble.

"Now calm down," Harry said. He had a naturally throaty, well-lubricated voice. "It's too hot to be so excited."

"She's gone," he said brokenly. "I came up from the cellar to take a little rest, like I do every day, and I see the store is empty, the house is empty, her closet is empty, and she's gone."

"Did you have an argument?" The note of annoyance in his voice rose to the surface. Did he have to be entangled in a domestic squabble? "You go over to the church and talk to the father."

"The hell with him."

"That's no way to talk about your religion."

"Harry, please listen to Cusak. I was over there before. All he could say was tell her to come talk to me. I told her, and she laughed at me. No matter what I tell her, she laughs and says some day she'll run away with a man she loves and be happy. She thinks she's like a goddamn movie star. So what can a priest do about that? Tell her in

confession to be a good wife? You got to find her for Cusak, Harry."

"She'll probably come back," Harry said. He managed to get his arm around Mr. Cusak's shoulder. "You go home and relax. And she'll cool down and come back."

"Please find her," Mr. Cusak said.

"Where is she going without money? She's got a temper, that's all."

"The bank book is gone too," Mr. Cusak said. He kept looking up at Harry with wet, agonized eyes. "They don't like me, Harry. Lots of times, the boy says to me, 'Why do you have to be my father?' I never confessed even to the priest the way they treat me."

"All right," Harry said tiredly. "I'll try to find her. You have to realize if she took your bank book, you can go to the police."

"It's in her name. She pays the bills, she goes to the bank. God bless you, Harry," he said in a low voice. "The world is so big. How can you find one woman with the heart of a whore?"

"Don't talk like that," Harry said. "I'll tell Arnold to drive you home."

The violent intensity of despair ebbed from Mr. Cusak. Resignation left him almost abject as he nodded agreement to Harry's suggestion that he go home. He crouched forward on the seat of my Nash, driven inward by his thoughts. It was like watching a lost aged child who is too terrified to speak. I went into the house with him, because my father had said, "Make sure he's all right." I had expected to murmur, "Well, take it easy, Mr. Cusak," or something equally innocuous, and take off. I didn't know how to make sure he was all right. Even the intercession of words was beyond me. Yet he surprised me, and I had the feeling for the first time in my life of hearing a cry for help, or at least comprehension. I felt inept and frightened. All he did at that instant was look at me and ask in the mildest of voices, "Why doesn't Barney like me?" His face was very pale, and I had the feeling that somehow, miraculously, all the deeply cut wrinkles in his face had been smoothed out. Of course, that was not true; it was only a queer feeling drawn from my inexperience with such absolute grief.

"Mr. Cusak, I better go home," I said.

He blocked my way. "No, please," he cried. "Why doesn't Barney like me? Tell me!"

"I don't know, Mr. Cusak."

"They don't care," he murmured, and he started upstairs, moving with elaborate, grunting slowness as if he were lifting something much too heavy up the steps. "My God, I'm all alone," he said. He stumbled, grasped the rounded varnished top of the newel post, recovered his footing, and gained the upper floor. A door slammed open violently in the silent house, and he reappeared suddenly on the landing and shouted at me: "Go home. Goddamn you. Goddamn every one of you." Before I could run, or even move, he waved his arm, and the numbing, concentrated roar of a single pistol shot filled the living room; the muzzle flash seemed to leap from his hand with blue incandescent heat even as he began the tumbling descent down the stairs, as if the bones in his legs had suddenly turned to powder. He fell, thumping and sliding, blood seeping from the jagged wound in his face.

I ran home. I forgot about my car or using the telephone. I ran into the house, yelling for my father, and somehow managed to tell him what I had witnessed. He called the police, then he came back to me.

"Sit down," he said. His face looked gray. "Go ahead, sit down." I looked back at him, then I sat down. I thought I would smell the burnt power of that exploding cartridge forever. My father just waited. Gradually the grayness went out of his face.

"My God, what a terrible thing," he said at last. "Will you be all right now? I have to go over there for a little while. I told the police to send somebody for Barney. So I better be there in case I can do anything. One of them will be here. You'll have to tell him what happened, Arnold."

"All right," I said. "You were going to help him, weren't you? You weren't giving him a lot of gas like you do so many of the others?"

He looked at me strangely and then smiled. "Yes," he said. "Not a lot of gas, Arnold. Let me tell you something. Everybody that comes here wants a money back guarantee."

"And you get sick and tired of them."

"Sure I do," he admitted.

"But that doesn't keep you from rounding them up on election day."

He smiled again. "I'll tell you something else, Arnold. I'll go to Cusak's funeral, and some of them will say he's here because he's a politician. But some of them will know better. They'll know I'm sorry Cusak wasn't happy, I'm sorry he killed himself, I'm sorry he couldn't find a place to stand in the world."

I sat there, staring out the window after he left, and for no reason at all I thought of my mother and sister at the seashore. It was only four o'clock, and my mother would be sitting on the sundeck of the beachfront hotel with the other summer wives, and my sister would be on the beach, probably sitting in a canvas beach chair, drawing flirtatious male attentions. She was very pretty, I thought. I was suddenly enormously happy that she was so pretty. Believing that, and that my mother was there too, solid and comfortable, seemed very important to me. I went upstairs and packed my suitcase and placed it alongside my father's. All summer he had wanted me to go fishing with him in the boat he chartered at the Tuna Club. Sarah's dark round face peeked at me from the doorway. Her ear was attuned to every murmur in this house. She looked at me, then at the two packed suitcases resting on the carpet near the door, and went back to the kitchen. I sat down again and waited for him, a petitioner at last, aware that he had been waiting for me all this time.

Can

By STEPHEN SANDY

I found a sharp and jobless can,
Now only fit to cut and scold.
It rang its tongueless gong of tin:
    Rattling, rattled, cold.

Each time I kicked the thing its shout
Echoed a bright, unopened youth.
Looking for work, it tossed about,
    One spiteful, jagged mouth.

Only a dead tin soldier, lame,
It went off crying to hold new food,
(Louder but lighter than it came)

    No heft, no shine, no good.

STEPHEN SANDY, presently studying at Harvard, has published poetry in *Contact*, *Minnesota Review*, *Atlantic Monthly*, and elsewhere. His chapbook, *Caroms*, was published in 1960.

"On the Third Day—"

By EVELYN ADAMS

Above the stained glass part I can look out
At branches waving in the wind; the clouds
Flying by like snow geese. "Look!" I shout;
But no one looks. That's how it is with crowds;
They listen to the wind unlatch the door,
And toss dead leaves along the center aisle;
One on my face. "Go brush it to the floor,"
I tell my hand, "so they can see me smile."
But not a finger twitches. This was the site
Where it happened once before, that hand
That held a ring, the fingers frozen tight
Until the service ended—Just like this sand
That's in my eye, the pebbles in my shoe,
The earth that stains my hands—it's nothing new.

EVELYN S. ADAMS, from Maine, last appeared with a poem in our Fall '61 issue.

The Hustler as Hero

By STANLEY TRACHTENBERG

■ Complementing the heroic ideal, the American film has always had, in the outsider, a subversive tradition. The classic hero was devoted to preserving social order, either by maintaining a status quo against outside attack or, when the state itself was corrupt, by re-establishing a previous pattern. To do this he was equipped with virility and a pure heart, and while the former was sometimes in question (characteristically the hero's courtship was, at best, reluctant; only the villain was enthusiastic about getting the girl) the latter always proved sufficient to win out. Above all he was a static figure and, as such, represented the fixed beliefs of the society.

The outsider carried a much more negotiable relation to experience. Frequently a con-man or hustler, he assumed a variety of roles ranging from gangster to detective, each reacting against a formulation of optimism; for whatever character he adopted, his function remained the same: that of social critic. Refusing to accept the values of society without reservation, he opposed his "no" to the unqualified "yes" of the positive hero. Thus his actions were implicit social comments. As an outsider he was able to distinguish the faults of the community clearly. Separating their guilt from his own, he was untroubled by any moral ambiguity and so free to act on his knowledge. He was always certain of the conditions under which his world operated, and though his approach may have shifted occasionally as he learned more of the dangers of his situation, his goals remained fixed.

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The most recent version of the hustler-hero, while maintaining the form, significantly altered the substance. Reflecting a society that has come to recognize in itself a multiplicity of goals, often at odds with each other and seeking reconciliation, he has shifted from a predetermined opposition to a continuous self-examination. His social value lies no longer in virtuous action, but in discovering where virtue lies, for until he does, he, like his community, is impotent. The hustler has emerged as no longer merely the alter ego of the hero, establishing conflicting personifications of a single idea, but as an introspective and independent agent in whom one witnesses the conflicting ideas of a single person.

This figure is particularly evident in Robert Rossen's *The Hustler*. When "Fast" Eddie Felson comes out of The West to Ames' Pool Hall in New York, he feels he has come to claim his birthright. He is the American hero, the new man, ready to perform the ritual of replacing the older, corrupt order with a younger, innocent one. Though he has adopted the mechanics of the pool hustler—an ingenuous smile, a boyish look—he counts most on his natural talent for shooting pool; but he finds a superior skill is not enough when he takes on the top New York gun, elegant Minnesota Fats, and he is beaten flat after a twenty-six-hour duel. Eddie had learned the wrong things. He had learned how to play pool better than anyone in the country. He had not learned how to win.

The mystique of winning is explained to him by Bert Gordon, a successful gambler, who offers a code in which effort and attitude count only toward the result. For Eddie is the Hemingway hero of innocence come up against the inequities of a world of violence, evil, and brutality, who must somehow learn to live in it. The code teaches him more than how to endure, however; it teaches him how to prevail (though it thereby lacks Hemingway's tragic sense of the disparity between man's aspirations and his ability to realize them). "This isn't football," Bert explains. "Nobody pays you for yardage. The only way to know who's best is to count the money at the end of the game." In this code, moral triumph is the forced consolation of the loser, and personal victory is admissable only in manifest terms.

But if the end of Bert's code is different from that of Heming-

way's, the method of holding tight is still the same, and Fats illustrates it, literally exhibiting grace under pressure as, despite his almost obscene weight, he moves around the pool table like a dancer. Fats is a winner, and winning is a responsibility that can only be assumed through a discipline subordinating all other claims on the individual. Bert justifies the commitment by translating it into an affirmation of the significance of human action. The explanation is close enough to what Eddie feels to disturb him, and, more important, it is the only one he has.

Eddie goes beyond it when he meets Sarah Packard, a self-styled alcoholic, whose part-time attendance at college has not provided the solutions to her defeat by life. Against Bert's strength she offers her own weakness, against self-sufficiency her dependence, against impersonality the involvement of one human being with another. But Eddie, in his search for personal integrity, cannot accept what he has come to regard as the alibi of a loser. Explaining his need in terms of masculine assertion of competence, he rejects the exchange of love she offers. To be best in any field, he tells her, is the only way to establish a man's own worth. For Eddie, to discover the boundary of his ability is to search for his identity.

The struggle is resolved when, in standard Hemingway tradition, the hero suffers a wound. Hustling in a tough waterfront pool room, he is severely beaten and has his thumbs broken. The injury convinces him to accept provisionally Bert's conditions, and, when he recovers, he masters the code in a climactic game by rejecting a final appeal from Sarah. Her subsequent suicide after first giving herself to Bert, the perpetual winner, forces Eddie to recognize his own lack of humanity in the *hubris* of seeking fulfillment solely through his own agency, unaided and unaiding. Refusing to recognize the claims of others, he had adopted a mechanical devotion to an ideal. It made him a monster.

It had been a difficult victory, aggravated by Eddie's incapacity to articulate his dilemma and by his consequent need to suggest, rather than to state, only vaguely conceived awarenesses. Its nature was further obscured by Paul Newman, who, in playing the role, often substituted a Marlon Brando kind of sexuality for the legitimate conflict of the hero. The abrupt gesture of annoyance, the controlled muscular twitch and matter-of-fact vocal inflection that

threaten to erupt at any second all seem ready made. (It is interesting to compare Brando's portrayal of essentially the same figure in *On the Waterfront* or *The Wild One*, in which he seems to copy his own image reflected in an entire school of method actors who began by imitating him.)

Eddie returns to beat Fats, the alter ego code hero, whose competence is now revealed as mechanical and whose regular appearance at the pool hall each night at the same hour is now seen as somehow sinister. But it is Bert who is exposed as the true villain, for Bert is the corrupter of innocence, whose malevolence, tinged with homosexuality, is all-embrasive and whose satisfactions, which he puts in terms of "wanting action," consist solely in the humiliation of the individual. Thus he is a morality figure (and finally *The Hustler* must be seen as a morality play) whose corruption is finally exposed. "You're a loser," Eddie tells him. "You're dead, and you can only live by making things dead around you." Having no legitimate substance, he can only triumph over those who do by manipulating them into exchanging a pride in humanity for a pride in manhood. It is the lesson Sarah tried to teach, and Eddie had been a long time in learning it.

Far from a novel concept, the emergence of the hustler as hero has been a standard Hollywood property since William S. Hart established the good bad guy of the early Westerns. This figure, which assumed innumerable variations, was essentially one of two types: the legitimate bad guy, whose latent good was established through the intervention of a saint figure, and the fake bad guy, who deliberately adopted a shady posture in order to maneuver more effectively in a hostile environment.

The Western outlaw, who became the hero of *Stagecoach* (eventually evolving into the regenerate badman of *The Gunfighter*), was not so much opposed as indifferent to the social order. Operating without social sanction, he nonetheless adhered to an internal code of courage, forthrightness, and chivalry, and his opposition to the community was chiefly an accident of his attempt to preserve his own values rather than a deliberate assault on its jurisdiction. His behavior is instinctive rather than rational, how-

ever, and, unable to explain or even understand it, he assumes a taciturn pose as a defense against inquiry into his motives.

This figure was carried into the gangster films of the thirties with significant changes. In the prototype developed by James Cagney in *Angels With Dirty Faces*, he is isolated by his unwillingness to accept the terms offered him by society rather than by the Westerner's preference for solitude; consequently his self-sufficiency is aggressively nervous (symbolized by Cagney's characteristic hitching of pants and pointing finger), asserted as much by bluff as by conviction. Though he does live by a code, it has none of the Westerner's quiet assurance. Rather it is one of belligerent independence in which chivalry is a sign of effeminacy and gives way, at best, to rough banter. Finally, unlike the Westerner, he is not doing a job that "needs to be done" and which he "has to do," but one that he prefers to do and that will upset rather than restore order to the community.

Brash, wise-cracking, he has become the true hustler, almost compulsively articulate, whose last tie to the laconic Westerner is his determination never to "talk." His personality, expressed in his resolve not to be "one of the suckers," is a reaction against what he sees as the injustices of a corrupt social order, and because he can offer no other solutions, he puts his faith exclusively in taking care of himself. Essentially, however, he is a social figure and, without other resources, finds himself torn between his need for authority and his resentment of its abuses. He attempts to bridge the split by maintaining a friendship with a boyhood friend who has become a priest, though he himself continues to rise in the rackets. But the divided loyalty causes a final rift with the underworld that eventually leads to his death. Unregenerate, however, his decision for good is gratuitous. It has been preceded by no insight, and, because essentially untrue to his nature, proves fatal.

Paralleling the development of the good bad gangster was that of the wise-cracking adventurer, more rogue than villain, who is not above an occasional swindle. Characterized by Clark Gable (*Love on the Run*, *Too Hot to Handle*, *Comrade X*), he is usually a newspaperman or a photographer, apparently out for himself, whose brashness is the manifestation of legitimate self-confidence.

His duplicity, however, is usually confined to getting the better of a friendly rival, and, seldom seriously troubled, his frown is of mock disgust. With little pretense at living in the real world, he is nonetheless a plausible figure, a romanticized common man, who can operate with the certainty that all complications will be resolved. Thus he devotes himself to having a good time, seldom annoyed by poverty he can overcome by hocking his camera or by sweet-talking the landlady into letting him fall behind in the rent. Though a muscular hero, who can usually overpower his adversary if necessary, he relies mainly on guile and the ability to talk fast, strategems which are successful mainly because of their exuberance rather than because of the cunning with which they are executed. His swindles are essentially contests in which he expresses an attitude toward society, not attempts to establish his relation to it, and unlike the dedicated professional, he could never consider pulling the big job or getting the big story and retiring, as his girl pleads with him to do. For to do so would be to deny his vocation. He is the man in motion, defined by space, who must push on to the next adventure, continually opening new possibilities of experience to the community.

Both out for themselves, neither the gangster nor the adventurer is prepared to support a social structure seen respectively as vicious and ridiculous. The welfare of the community is left to the fairytale Capra heroes of *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* or *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*. Reluctant to examine the internal social disorders, they are nonetheless certain that everything can be set to rights without too much trouble if things would only be left to men of good will and are content merely to expose evil, on the assumption that its cure will follow automatically. The cynical private detective of the forties, introduced by Humphrey Bogart in *The Maltese Falcon,* is more honest both with himself and with society. He is as aware of social inequities as is the gangster he opposes but, unlike him, is willing to accept the conditions he is faced with and make the best of them. The difference in attitude is visible in the contrast between the gangster's cocky flipness and the detective's more humanistic irony. ("We didn't believe your story exactly," he tells a client, "we believed your two hundred

dollars.") Recognizing its fallibility, he is nonetheless willing to try to restore the social order. The hustle he adopts is his pretense of being willing to slip outside the law, but (as he explains to the sweetheart he must arrest for murder) this is a convenient fiction that permits him to function with greater flexibility. His real obligation, as is the Westerner's, is to an idea of himself, embodied in a code of loyalty to his profession. Jealous of his independence, he makes a deliberate point of his impartiality toward clients, whom he deals with on a scrupulously businesslike basis (twenty dollars a day and expenses is pretty much the standard fee). But he offers his loyalty as well as his services in return, often putting himself in a position of jeopardy both with the authorities and with the underworld. (In *The Big Sleep*, the detective—also played by Bogart—is constantly threatened with arrest and wraps up a case by agreeing to conceal a murder to protect his client's daughter.) When his loyalty conflicts with his own integrity, however, he will always choose the latter, on occasion continuing the investigation to his own satisfaction after he has been discharged by his client. Thus, despite the evils, he chooses to become involved in the world, resisting its influence by his fidelity to an ideal picture of his role in it.

Even more responsible to society because more involved in it is Charley Davis, the boxer hero of *Body and Soul* (which, like *The Hustler*, was directed by Rossen), who, though not a criminal, lives on the social fringe. Played by John Garfield, who came to personify the outsider in almost all of his screen characterizations, Davis's initial defiance is a response to social injustice, which he had experienced coming up the hard way. Like "Fast" Eddie, he, too, is determined to make a place for himself, but his image of success, like that of the gangster and of the boxer hero of *Golden Boy* (a role intended for Garfield), is an external one in which pride and economics are indivisible. Charlie, like Eddie, replaces his manager, who cannot get him the big matches he wants, and, again as in *Golden Boy*, allows a crooked manager, Roberts, to gain control of his contract. Roberts instructs him in the ways of venality, getting him to abandon most of his moral instincts; but Roberts is a representative of the system, not an archetypal figure of internal evil,

and he must be defeated by a sort of collective action in which the hero gains the strength to overcome him (winning a fight he had agreed to throw) by returning to his ethnic roots.*

The contemporary hustler, though indebted to the tradition, is nonetheless unique. He is neither the sentimental gangster, the picaro, nor yet the cynic, who, in acting their roles enact the moral experience of their culture. For the hustler is not formed but forming, and while he begins unmistakeably as a con man, his hustling is a form of earn while you learn. The social solutions of the forties had proved unacceptable. The uncertainties of a post-war generation had shown that nothing had been settled after all. Neither independence nor solidarity had provided the answers. The hero had to find out why. In a world of undetermined values he doesn't perform an approved action, he discovers it. The hustler has come a long way. Directing his hustle no longer against society but against himself, he must recognize rather than confront. He finds the values of isolation inadequate, and though independence is achieved through responsibility, he does not accept a communal obligation but that of one individual to another. ("You're my brother, Charlie," the hero of *On the Waterfront* cries, "you should have looked out for me a little.") Finally he discovers fulfillment possible only through accepting the risks attendant on being part of mankind and going beyond the code; he discovers love, and weakness, and humanity.

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* The comic counterparts to these figures are equally traditional, summed up, perhaps, by Groucho Marx, who makes the fraudulent seem rational, the real, somehow, improbable. ("We'll search the house next door," he says in *Animal Crackers,* and, when told there is no house next door, decides, "Then we'll build one.") More recently he is seen as the less anti-social con man of *The Court Jester* and *Knock on Wood* (Danny Kaye) who is forced to adopt a number of disguises to make his way in the world. Even his vaunted verbal dexterity is something of a hustle (in *Knock on Wood* he is a ventriloquist), exposed when, at length, it turns on itself, reduced to a meaningless series of sounds. But though the irascibility of W. C. Field's rogue characteristically gives way to the less corrosive exasperation of Donald Duck, the comedian in any form is almost by definition a hustler, who juggles the conditions handed to him, exaggerating both himself and society to expose its pretentions, finally putting them back in place a little damaged but still essentially intact.

A Sampler of the Poetry of E. Hale Chatfield

Introduced by JUDSON JEROME

■ Readers of the *Antioch Review* are probably somewhat familiar with the processes of poetry. Most campuses, most intellectual communities, have poets in captivity, young, noisy fellows with foreign cars and a string of publications in all the proper places (of which I hope this is one). Poetry is a going thing these days; the prosperous times have been generous to the phonograph record, photography, and poetry businesses alike. The poets themselves are more in evidence than their poetry: if you don't have a man from Iowa (or from the Coast), you get one: poets are intellectual furniture, like Action Paintings.

One sets out as a poet by submitting little packets—three or four, half a dozen—to quarterlies, little magazines, and poetry magazines, with a neatly-folded, stamped, return envelope enclosed. Hundreds of such envelopes arrive at the *Antioch Review* office each quarter, of which five or six *poems* may be selected for publication. All the rest go back, often with cheery scrawls on the rejection slips—for those of us involved in this uneconomical exchange get to know one another and can be pen-pals even though we can't accomodate one another's work. If a poem is accepted (I accept one about every two weeks), it is set up in type and waits for a slot—a blank page in the makeup—which may occur within a year, or maybe not that soon. When the poem appears, the poet receives a couple of copies of the *Review*, a check which may make the down-payment on a bottle of bourbon; and the art-work itself, among the rectilinear prose, is accompanied by a note indicating in small print that William Wordsworth, who teaches at Northumberland Junior College for Women, has appeared in these pages before and has published in many of the quarterlies and little magazines.

Sort of takes the sap out of the Romantic Movement, doesn't it? One wonders if any Movement is possible at all. As soon as a poet begins getting acceptances, he undertakes the next step, which is bludgeoning a publisher into bringing out a book. For this he chiefly needs

friends, and all the cheery scrawls and faint postal hellos now play their part. There is no assumption that anyone (except the various poetry editors) has ever *read* the work in the periodicals, or that anyone who, say, just picked up a magazine and responded would look for the same poet's work again. When a poet becomes what we call "known," it is by editors and fellow poets; or, anyway, that is the reputation which counts.

Most of the major publishers bring out a volume or more of poetry a year. (A "volume" means about sixty pages to sell for at least $3.00.) These volumes are considered for various prizes—the Lamont, the Pulitzer, the N.B.A.—and so may bring some return (which will hardly cover expenses) to the publisher and even in some cases to the poet. The publishers' motives are prestige, charity, and sometimes a niggling feeling that poetry is something that ought to go on being printed. For the same motives several university presses (with less obligation to be economical) bring out series—as many as half a dozen volumes a year. There are many smaller presses (some supported by benefactors interested in poetry) whose devotion to the art is more convincing, animated by the enthusiasm of particular editors. One such, Allan Swallow in Denver, by a combination of hard work, vigorous personal promotion, and economical methods, claims actually to have made poetry pay (though I do not remember that he claims to have made it pay *well*). Then, of course, there are the vanity presses which publish at the poet's expense. Some fairly good poets have been reduced (or seduced) to that extremity. Thus there is a steady showering of thin, over-priced little volumes. Some thirty, from the last quarter, are on my shelf now waiting to be reviewed.

Most, of course, will never be reviewed anywhere. Like book publication, reviewing is much dependent upon—if not friendship—being "known." The "importance" of a volume is likely to be determined before it is opened—on the basis of the name of the publisher or of the poet. This is not a judgement upon its quality (though, true, most poetry reviews are over-favorable); but to a greater extent than is true of prose books, advance, largely underground (poetry is never advertised) reputation has much to do with whether a book is noticed at all.

Again unlike a prose-writer, a poet is likely to have as hard or harder a time getting his second volume published. This is because the judgments are all independent of readership: a publisher does not think of building a following for a poet; he has, from the beginning, no hope that a volume will ever really bring a profit. He may take the first volume in hope of nabbing a prize; but even if he *does* get a prize,

he is not likely to feel any loyalty to the poet or foresee any further profit to be gained from him. There is, anyway, so much emphasis in the critical climate (relating to poetry) upon the new, the young, the startling, that the search is always for fresh blood. Langston Hughes has a following, a certain guaranteed readership—as does Ogden Nash. But not many poets can expect any significant number of readers to buy each of their volumes automatically as it appears.

In spite of all these conditions, it is easy—too easy—for a poet to get published, become known, and bring out at least that first volume.

It is not the difficulty but the false premises which make a poet's career so tortuous. While he is advancing in reputation, he is giving readings, lectures, writing criticism and other articles, teaching, editing, and getting grants. But if you consider for a moment your own reaction as you read (or skip over) a poem in the *Antioch Review* you will sense why such a career is unsatisfactory for the poet and bad for poetry.

First, the premium is upon very short poems: the wider the circulation of a periodical, the shorter the poetry it uses, the more poetry becomes filler material like the jokes in *The Reader's Digest* or the embarrassing quotations in *The New Yorker*. The search is for instant ecstasy, something personal, precious, and ephemeral. While there are, of course, great lyrics in the history of poetry, there also are epics, poetic dramas, narratives, verse essays, satires, dramatic monologues, elegies, odes, and other varieties of poetry which require more space that that left when the prose doesn't quite fit; they require more space, and more attention—or a different kind of attention. Homer, Virgil, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Goethe, Browning—even Wordsworth, even Frost—would not have arrived at their greatest work by the process of peddling around the quarterlies.

I say a different kind of attention is required that that likely to be given to the isolated short poem. I mean the attention one gives to an article or story, an interest in what is being said, a professional respect for the findings or insights of a colleague. The poems we most often print do not demand to be read, nor is a reader likely to feel that he learned anything or was entertained when he has finished. I suspect that most of us read the poetry in quarterlies much as we listen to the violin solo of a neighbor's child, out of dutiful respect for an art, for effort, and a vague fondness for the melody, even in agonized form. Poetry is apt to be seen rather pickled, or museum-like; one feels that it is not written or selected for publication with any sense of relevance to the reader's life or the current world. Poetry has become independent of readers, and it will go on, uneconomically, appearing in journals (like

sprigs of parsley), in thin little books, and poets will continue to win awards and be given grants, to share in the cultural payola of our prosperous society, without any corrective inter-relationship with an audience. It's all among friends.

All this is, of course, more than an introduction to the poetry of E. Hale Chatfield. It seemed to the editors of the *Antioch Review* a good idea to print a few poems together, with some critical comment, so that the whole would have something like the bulk and significance of an article. This selection happens only to be the first attempt to take poetry more seriously than we have before.

I will make no claim that Mr. Chatfield is the voice of tomorrow, or "the most promising of the new young poets," or any such cant. He seems to me above all *readable*. If poetry editors would impose on themselves two simple rules, I think the world of poetry would be changed: (1) that they not publish what they do not understand—in form and content—at least in a general way; and (2) that they publish only what they willingly read and enjoy. "George Washington Bridge" begins with a flat pun, "The city lies," and I am held by the succession of lies. While there is some commonplace ("brisk dawn," "virgin with sun in her hair"), and some sheer listing ("coal smoke, tug screech," etc.), the poem goes right on and I find myself held by it. At the end of section I there is an imaginative touch ("at my slightest / motion spans shoot out into the morning,") which lifts the expression from the heavy-footed pace which threatens at time to weigh the poem down. Also the zaniness lifts it, the knock-about associative process, the humor. The natural and unnatural fold over one another in crazy—funny—wildness. We finally cannot believe that God created the whole mess; we sit like long-suffering George and accept and impersonally observe what we cannot understand. A guy can get used to anything.

Humor, sharp social comment, vividness, humanity (as in the poem about the Zen-minded child watching rain) win me. As I say, I want to read on. Except for hard concentration of language, rattling juxta-positions, the easy, calm unrolling of "Opus 5/11/61," and the ambling, cockeyed couplets of "The Farmer Plans for a Big Year," the form of these poems is not unusual. But that is only to say that form does what it best can—support substance, with an organic adaptation to what is being said. I listen—because the poems convince me that the poet wants me to.

I will quote Chatfield's own account of his life, partly for its relevance as a case study in the general practice of poetic progress I have given above. I hope this summing and sampling at this stage of his

career will prove to be a challenge and a step-up for him to become something more than a case study of the flock of well-received young poets blooming in the desert, promoted but unread.

"I was born in Passaic, New Jersey, and transported to New England by my parents at the age of about eighteen months. We moved back to New Jersey when I was fourteen, but by that time woods and mountains had 'done their stuff' to the extent that I've always thought of myself as a New Englander. I went to Wesleyan University in Middletown, Connecticut in 1953 and graduated with a B.A. in 1957. While I was there I did many ordinary things—was an editor of the literary magazine, a frosh wrestler, a member of Gamma Psi fraternity, a romantic, a wearer of Levis and sandals, pre-med, a psych major, then an English major, a wise guy, a singer in the glee club, and a winner of the German prize. I was also a shoe-salesman, a handy-man, a waiter, a bartender, a member of the city snow-shoveling staff, a switchboard operator, an ice cream truck driver, a poker player, and a poet. After graduation I married Denise Zadeik and moved to Pittsburgh, where she was a student (Chatham College). While waiting for Denise to graduate and for military service to ingest me, I worked for a day or two in the telephone room of the subscription department of the Pittsburgh *Sun-Telegraph*, then as a shoe-salesman, after turning down an offer of a position as hatter's apprentice in a local chapeau emporium. I was rescued from the shoe business by military necessity, which descended upon me in the form of a commission as Ensign, U.S.N.R. I then began to serve three years as an officer on a minesweeper operating out of Charleston, S.C. As a sea-farer I visited many portions and segments of the world. I was released from active duty in August, 1960, and hastened with my wife (by then graduated) and my children (by then two; now three) to Rutgers University, where I am now kept busy as a graduate student, courtesy of a government fellowship. My plans for the future are extensive.

"Not counting Wesleyan's *Cardinal*, Rutgers' *Anthologist*, and a few weekly newspapers, my poems have been accepted for publication in *San Francisco Review*, *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *Wormwood Review*, *The Sparrow*, *Signet*, *Audit*, *Views*, *Impetus*, the intercollegiate anthology *Riverside Poetry III*, *New Mexico Quarterly*, and *New Campus Writing IV*. I published a volume of poetry at my own expense in 1959, and I am presently looking for a publisher for a second volume, to be entitled 'Disasters in Ennui.'

"I am twenty-six years old."

George Washington Bridge

I

The city lies
like a steel and granite flower
in the brisk dawn—like a misty
blossom of the sky (or a pale, gentle
virgin with sun in her hair): speaks,
articulating the pondorous Hudson,
coal smoke, tug screech, and the whistle
of birds as one voice: traffic moves,
is grass, and above all clouds breathe;
the parks are full of bellies, the tall
churches with bells; at my slightest
motion spans shoot out into the morning,
radiant, humming steel; a net of cables
carries the sun into its hot nest.

II

Around me is chaos: headlights
and horns: I see them race to be
disembowled—the people: wild
people gorged on dreamy breakfasts
of each other, who throw coins into metal
baskets to make lights green, to make
machines say "thank you" in lighted
squares: gulls
dive; Riverside Drive plummets
northward, and somewhere behind it
the sea waits—below the city (crane
bucket with iron incisors); business
is beginning under the palisades,
a blanket of funk (some come to the
pillowfight by tunnel, unseen); languish,
Westchester; sparks on the New Jersey
side. Policemen.

III

God created . . . "Who is it?" shouts
Washington Heights, in a housecoat; women
must be carrying one milk bottle
in each hand a paper under one arm
kids watching television—I guess so:
show me your apartment collection, the
brown ones, the grey, the bleak, the almost
white ones (show me the red one from
Nicaragua)—Please! The doorbell
ringing—that would be George Washington;
show him in, show him in! He sees
his bridge from the big window (poor
George doesn't know what to make of it
—Valley Forge, so on); the motors roar,
the deck throbs; would you believe it?
God is up there (would you believe
it?) and George Washington, eating toast,
watching from the big window.

Opus 5-26-61

Suddenly I look up
from my reading and realize
he has been standing there an hour.

The rain spins
grey mythologies about the neighborhood
and breaks itself upon the pane.

The rain sprays
its multiple hush into the grass,
twitching maple leaves.

Blond, patient, two years old,
he has been standing by the window
for an hour.

The rain is strange,
wild, and huge, filling the grey
distance.

He has been there an hour:
his mind is not troubled with words:
he likes things: he can wait.

The Farmer Plans for a Big Year

Next year I will plant a garden
infinitely bigger than this one;
in the first hundred miles I will grow
tomatoes each as big and red and slow
as the sun; next I'll plant corn—
enough to fill a cattle-car and a barn
the size of Nevada; for a thousand miles
after that will be beans, then stars, then smiles,
then a hundred thousand virgins dressed
in blue flax, with Burpee eyes and Hubbard breast;
(it will be a garden designed to satisfy
the needs of mankind); finally I
will take my best shirt from my closet shelf
and go to the end of the world and plant myself.

Snowshoe

By CLAUDE F. KOCH

■ When you see him now, dispensing bats and balls, helmets and pads, to small fry at the playground at Towertop, you wonder what the City Recreation Department is coming to. In the football season he's in a Holy Cross jersey of thirty or forty years ago, a pair of baseball pants of indeterminate color, and a dirty red peaked cap with a yellow "B." You hear the kids calling him "Sy," and after you get over the shock of his appearance (his huge battered face might have been trampled by the Four Horsemen), you come to see that they like him. But to begin to know Sy as we know him who grew up while he was coaching St. Bonaventure in the Catholic League, you have to listen to him lecture a youngster who's missed a block or failed to bruise his slight body in a murderous tackle. Then he gets that glazed and unyielding stare, and his voice picks up momentum and a peculiar pitch, and the wall-eyed youngster cringes in shame under such portions of Sy's "fight" talk as he can understand. "Y'gotta *go,* y'gotta *go.* . . ." (Here that ham-fist rolls out like a locomotive piston and the thick body barrels forward.) "Y'gotta *hit* 'em, give it to 'em, no letup, catch 'em off balance, *rock* 'em, *rock* 'em back. . . ." It isn't just that Sy forgets he's talking to a kid, or that he's imagining himself back in the locker room at the Bonnies—it's just that certain things set him off, and he explodes like a priest or a prophet who's got "the call." I've known only one single-minded fanatic in my life, one true prophet without credit in his own country—and he's doling out football jerseys at a recreation center on the edge of the slums. He haunts my mind like some fantastic devotee of a discarded religion.

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There was a lot of talk when Sy left St. Bonaventure's after twenty years—years in which he'd turned out consistently tough (some said dirty) teams. Well, Sy certainly wasn't squeamish. He'd had a name himself as a dirty player at Holy Cross. A few of us who went on to college and built up a vocabulary for this sort of thing thought of him more as an idealist. He didn't care so much if he won as he cared if he fought—and he didn't give a damn how he fought. He's still fighting, even if his instrument is only some grubby, trembling kid in oversize football pants. I try not to think of what he's fighting against; it's a hopeless battle most of us lost long ago—and never quite realized just when we lost it.

When Sy Snowshoe came to St. Bonaventure in the twenties, the school was just opening its doors, and the Gracian Fathers knew a good thing when they saw it: an All-American whose reputation for roughhouse kept him out of all the private schools and whose need to settle in his hometown during the depression years guaranteed that salary would be no barrier. So Sy coached football and handled gym and taught history and directed athletics, spoke at rallies and Holy Name Breakfasts, and did odd jobs—all for twenty a week. But then he made a few dollars a month on the side officiating at the less respectable semi-pro games. And he led his private life, which few of the boys who reeled under his blistering tongue during those autumn afternoons on the practice field knew anything about.

Buzz Henry knew, and sometimes at the alumni reunions when Sy has turned up in a suit that's crept up his arms and is pulled tight and shiny against his seat, and has greeted the huffing and sagging crew who were once his "boys," and has passed around as though he's looking for someone, and has gone—then Henry, who'll be floating in beery reminiscence of his own great days as an All-Scholastic half, will stir up the story of Sy's wife and his last game as coach at Bonnies. "I gave him his chance," Henry will say, punching at the air with some of Sy's own mannerisms, "I gave him his big chance to get out of the sticks and into the big time—but Sy didn't have the stuff. He muffed it." And then Buzz will line up beer cans and show the play where Sy failed him, and saw the air some more. "He ruined me, too, but I don't

hold it against him." By this time, Henry will be wiping his eyes with a fat paw and sliding his three hundred pounds further down into his chair. Then he'll fall over with his mouth hanging open, and we'll have to roll him home. He won't have to get up in the morning, because he hasn't held a steady job since he was sacked as backfield coach of the Yellowjackets ten years ago. But he's left enough gall with some of us, and with me in particular, that Sy will be on our minds again for a little while—and I'll not be the only one hoping that somewhere along the line my kids will come up against Snowshoe, or someone like him, who has no illusions about the Antagonist and no qualms about the way to face up to him.

Somehow Buzz Henry has gotten it into his head that Sy was on the way up when Buzz joined the squad as a sophomore. The "way up" for Buzz, of course, was the college circuit, or, as a poor second, the professionals. Sy had been at the Bonnies since 1921, and only a school kid could have had any illusions about *his* future in coaching. We were all naive then—given to sudden and heady loyalties that were soon to be set to rights by the war. Then, too, Buzz was different then from the sad parody of an athlete he is now, tagging after the high school team, having his tearful moment of reminiscent glory in the locker room between the halves.

That's a sight. God knows why I've gone back myself, but I've seen *him* there punching the boys on their shoulder pads and pounding their helmets ("Atta go, old man—get in there, get in and fight. . ."). It's not quite what I've dropped in for—nothing is, with Sy gone. But poor Buzz. In the old days he was 160 pounds of capable back—a youngster who could do everything just a little better than the rest of us. But only a little better, after all—though we didn't realize it then. That slight margin was cumulative, and to us he was more than the boy who made All-Scholastic in his first year on the squad: he was "the one who won his town the race." If you get what I mean. "We chaired him through the market place"—and then he just lived on. That was his mistake.

About some things Sy was never fooled. He saw that Buzz had speed and skill—and an infinite capacity for taking care of himself. He was a boy who knew just how far he could go and still keep on top. I saw him expend himself only once, and that did for him. And Sy, who *never* took care of himself, supervised that event

like a high priest out of the old law overseeing the quartering of a sacrificial goat. But I anticipate myself.

I had broken my leg as a junior against Central Catholic, and in the senior year a month of practice made it obvious that I could no longer move fast enough to stay with the squad. At that age, disaster is never measured by objective standards. Those September afternoons are lost in memory as nostalgic in its effects as the woodsmoke that blew across them, but I remember with the old pain as if someone had slamed a football against my stomach how I felt the day one of the managers poked his head into the shower steam and said that Sy wanted me to stop in on the way home. You could always tell how you stood with Sy by the way the managers treated you, but this was a new kid and I had only my stiff leg to predict changes in the weather.

Sy had a little cubicle off the locker rooms that he used as an office. It was just big enough for a desk (always piled with history papers), a couch with the springs jutting at the bottom, a locker, and one small window in the alcove where the Fathers had installed a private shower for him. He was sitting on the couch, his knobby knees stuck over the side so that I tripped over his legs as I came in. When I picked myself up, he was leaning forward with his chin stuck out and his shoulders hunched under his Holy Cross jersey.

"You don't wanta play third string center," he said. I looked through the door down the long corridor lined with lockers; it led to a black wall. I was discouraged enough.

"Well, it's better than nothing," I said.

"It is not," he said. "I'm going to pull you out. I can use another line coach."

The one thing Sy didn't need was another line coach. He had Len Manners as assistant, and some of the old grads on college teams often came back on odd days to help out. The squad had already been cut and there was no question of checking on a mob of unknown quantities. So I agreed; I knew I was through as a player for that year, and yet Sy had not found me wanting. It was a strong compliment from a man who had no vocabulary for compliments; I was eighteen, and impressed. I am still impressed

when I think of it; compliments are easier come by now that Sy's retired completely into that world of boys.

That was the beginning of a relationship that, if Sy had permitted himself intimacies, would have been intimate. I came to know things about Sy that in twenty years had scarcely been noised abroad, mainly because those who knew did not talk—that was the measure of the loyalty the man could engender. I fell out openly with the clerical clique on the faculty that disapproved of Sy, and things got precarious for me in Math and English. I've never been a damn bit of good at either since. I came to suspect even Father Bundy, the athletic director, of siding with them, and took to dodging him in the corridors to avoid showing my feelings. Some of them wanted his scalp, I can tell you. Sy was no sportsman, they said, he was getting rougher as he got older, they said. But he was winning games, and even in a diocesan high school you think twice before you get rid of an old man who's winning games. So they just poisoned the air with innuendo. (My wife says men are more successful at this than women.) And I got to meet his wife. . . . But I anticipate myself again: Buzz stood between Sy's wife and me—and it was odd the way he did.

Because of this new place I suddenly had, I came to know Buzz Henry in a way I'd never have known him as a teammate. Buzz was the sort of boy the faculty liked. He seldom spoke, except to nod courteously and say, "Good morning, Father." He'd sit in class with that wide-awake, interested look; and he could always manage to turn what should have been an answer into a question. He always left the impression of attentive and reasonable, yet somehow diffident, participation. What I came to know that floored me was that he'd developed the habit early in his sophomore year of dropping in on Mrs. Snowshoe—to see what he could do and to talk about Sy. This was something none of us would think of doing, for Sy kept his coaching and his private life as separate as a man could; and most of us had never seen Sy's wife, who was badly crippled and seldom left the house. In fact, it wasn't until I had been on Sy's staff a month there in my senior year that he asked me over one night with Len Manners; and then he did it, I think, because he knew I was still feeling odd about my job in relation to the rest of the

squad. Sy was acute about some things. But even now with four children of my own and a rancher in Beaumont Acres and plenty of experience in the rat race—I think Buzz Henry's intrusion on Sy's privacy was the most thoughtless thing I've known.

"Come over about nine," he said. "Ellen will be in bed and we'll not bother her." He spoke shyly when he mentioned her, and shyness came strangely from that hard mouth of his. I will remember that night, because she was not in bed, and so I met her. And now she's dead, and I'm here in a comfortable and timid middle age—and Sy, well, Sy's still fighting.

"Len won't be along," Sy blocked the door that night. For a moment I thought he was going to close it in my face: "He's picked up the flu or something."

I stood there on the top step of the row home in that part of town we called "the neck"—because it stretched out between the rivers and was always dirty, and Sy towered over me. It was awkward. I was old enough to realize he had second thoughts about asking me in, but too young to know how to get away gracefully. "Well," he said at last, "you've come a long way." He swung the door open and stamped in ahead of me.

She was in a wheel chair by the radio. I remember the way you remember your first kiss. I remember the song and the singer: Bea Wain, "Loch Lomond," and the orchestra—Larry Clinton. It was that long ago. She turned the radio off, and I heard Sy say, "Ellen," and then my name, and something else. What I said, if anything, I cannot remember, for my recollection is of the clasp of her hand that I can still feel, and the fair, tranquil eyes in a face so beautiful, so purged of the marks of passion or struggle (though this is an afterthought—twenty years after, in fact) that it had a quality I could not then recognize—a quality that seems to me now to have bestown a blessing, a grace—that seemed to hold me to a purpose I had not yet discovered, and that urged me to the struggle of discovery. She would be dead within weeks, but I had no way of knowing; I had no knowledge of death, and so I only knew that I was moved by something as pervading and articulate as love was said to be.

When it came to me that I was staring at her I looked beyond

to Sy, standing behind her chair as though his hulk was a protection that he knew in a guilty way was not enough. That great furious man was trying to be helpful, smoothing down the sweater across her shoulder, pushing at the radio, tucking in the pillow at her back.

"I haven't met you before," she was saying to me, "but Sy has told me about you."

My surprise must have been clear enough to him, because he stopped fumbling with the pillow and raised his head without looking at me, and said: "Oh yes, Ellen knows about the lot of you." He took me by the arm and almost shoved me into a chair. "Beer? One won't hurt you." He looked from his wife to me and then tramped out into the kitchen.

I sat on the edge of the chair, not because she embarrassed me, but because I did not want to give the impression that I would stay—that I would intrude in whatever this relationship was that encompassed and excluded me in a single breath. Her head was tilted just enough that she seemed to have a special way of looking at me alone. I did not hear her first sentences really as words but as a sustained tone of great delicacy and gentleness. It would be years before I could guess what had moved me to the first compassion of my life: perhaps the knowledge that it had taken so long for me to meet her, perhaps the premonition of the shortness of our acquaintance.

As Sy pushed open the kitchen door, I began to distinguish her words. She was speaking of Buzz Henry, but it was Sy I first understood: "Oh, yes," he grumbled as he put the tray on the coffee table, "he's here almost every day. I'm surprised he hasn't told you." There was a gruff undercurrent that was harsh even for Sy.

"Oh, now, Sy," she said, "he means well."

She put the plate of pretzels on her lap, and as I realized what she was about to do and rose with the grace of a caged elephant to my feet, she gestured me back again. I had seen women raise their hands that way, with such courtliness and grace, but not in life: and here, on the periphery of St. Bonnies', of all places, the fantasy was coming alive.

She rolled the chair to me. I didn't know enough then to take

a pretzel and let it go at that; I took the dish. Then I realized, and held it out to Sy—but he was squinting at her hands on the special ridges of the wheels and I saw the origin of that perpetual grimace that I thought was annoyance.

I didn't think you could joke with Sy, but she did—nothing that required laughter: a lightness in the air, an affectionate raillery. And by the end of the evening, Sy *was* actually laughing. "You know, son," he said to me, "we'll take it this year. We'll take the Catholic League, and we'll take the City Championship—and then I'll get Father Bundy to show you his little black book." I was still nursing my second bottle of beer (I'd had difficulty making a hint clear about that), and Sy was behind a stack of them on the coffee table. "Black book?" I said, more to his wife than to Sy.

"Oh, yes," she said, "this is a hard man here—his boys are the terrors of the league."

"Father Bundy's black book," Sy grinned, and it was a terrifying sight. "The good man has a record of every penalty for unnecessary roughness for the last five years—occasionally he shows it to me." He tilted his head toward his wife and winked—it was a miserable performance. "Ellen knows all about it. Your classmate told her."

"I can't imagine that young man getting a penalty for anything—or you either," she said to me. It was banter, of course, yet something beyond that came through to me. It's very clear to me now: how precarious his situation was; how much he was keeping from her; how much she actually knew.

At the door, on my way home—after Mrs Snowshoe had left us, I made my mistake: "Let me come over and help a little, Coach," I said. "I could do a bit of the work around."

Sy stared at me, his eyes puffy from the beer. At first I thought he was going to slam the door without answering. Then he shook his head and said quietly enough: "No. No, I've got enough damn trouble with one of you people."

I never saw Sy's wife again. Len Manner's flu became pneumonia, and my job became necessary. I stayed late in Sy's cubicle, day after day, to discuss the progress of the squad and to be briefed on the program for the next day. Occasionally Father Bundy worried in and out. I knew before anyone else that she was in the hospital.

Within a month she was moved to a special heart clinic in Washington.

Sy continued to drive the squad as though nothing had happened. The papers piled higher, perhaps, on his desk, and there *were* rumors that his history classes were degenerating into discussions of the single wingback. But on the field Sy was the same as ever, and the hue and cry grew louder from those who objected to his methods. After the St. Philip's game I saw Father Bundy's little black book for the first time. A lout from Philip's had tried a rabbit punch on Eddie Moran, our quarterback; and as the result of Sy's instructions to our people at the half, he was carried off the field in the third quarter, and hospitalized shortly after. "Never start anything," Sy always said, "but, by God, finish everything you do start."

Then there was the week she died, and Sy was away in Washington for the Sallies' game. I'll not think of that week.

Buzz came along steadily. "The best all-around back in years . . ."; that was what the papers were saying. Flashy, too. We had scouts from as far west as Oklahoma in the stands; and one day after practice I heard a man from Purdue talking to Sy and Buzz in the office. "Why don't you both come on," he was saying—more as a joke than anything, though Buzz always insisted afterward that he was serious. "You can wrestle bulls out on the plains, Sy." He knew Sy from the old days, and they laughed together. I was using Sy's shower now; and after Buzz and the scout had left and I came out, he sat at his desk poking at the mud in his cleats: "That boy don't really fight," he said. "I'm surprised these people can't see that."

"He does his job, Coach," I said.

"Does he? What the hell is a man's job?" He slammed a shoe against the desk. "What's your thought on that, Father?"

Father Bundy was inside the door. I hadn't heard him enter, but that wasn't odd. He moved like a rumor through a mob: he was everywhere before you knew it.

"I would like to think it's to save one's soul," Father Bundy said, smiling to indicate that this was serious but not solemn.

"Hell's bells!" Sy threw down his shoes and barged into the shower.

Father Bundy listened for a moment to Sy's splashing and then

sat at the desk. The chair swiveled, and Bundy swung slowly on me, leaning his chin in his clasped hands: "Well, what has the old warhorse planned for next week?"

"Power. What else can he do?" I couldn't be completely respectful any more.

"Buzz thought we'd pass. He says he's been working steadily with Eddie Moran—flat over center, you know."

"Don't let Sy hear you say that, Father. He'll skin Buzz alive."

"The boy knows the game. Certainly talking to me is not indiscretion." Father Bundy stood. "I hope we'll have no rough stuff."

It wasn't my place to answer that; I knew there'd be plenty.

"Because if there is . . .," Bundy went on, raising his hands and his eyes. Then he left, and I waited for Sy, wondering how much he'd heard.

Seeing Sy emerge from a shower was like being confronted by the Neanderthal man in a turkish bath. He dried himself half way across the office, trailing a puddle of water; I thought of that gentle woman, and some of the mystery of marriage came to me. Then abruptly, as though he had read my mind, I heard Sy say:

"When we were married I was a sophomore at Holy Cross." He stood in the center of the room, stark naked, wringing out the towel. I must have looked startled, because he smiled a little. Sy hasn't much of a smile: imagine, if you can, the stretching of two metal strips. "It wasn't always that way, son. What she had came slowly, and we both saw it come." He went over to get his clothes from where he had hung them indifferently in his locker. His face was away from me, and his voice echoed back from the locker walls like something heard across long distances: "The only place *I* can fight it is on the field." He stood, half stooped, facing into the empty locker. I heard the shower dripping and the scraping of a bag as some manager dragged the towels from the players' lockers along the hall. Sy straightened and kicked the locker door shut. "I heard what Bundy said. What the hell does he know?"

"I'm sorry, Coach. I can't tell you how sorry. . . ."

"For what? Because of the way things are? Don't waste your sympathy—or if you want to pity someone, pity Bundy his ignorance. What the hell does he know?" He was dressing, jerking his clothes

on as though they offended him. Then he sat and banged the flat of his hand against the top of his desk: "History, hah!" He shoved a stack of papers across the desk and some of them fluttered to the floor. I stooped to pick them up. "Don't bother. Do you want to know what you *have* to know, kid? How to stand pain. How to die. If I thought I was teaching these people anything else, I'd quit."

Five years later I might have had a comment; as it was, I had the decency to know that this was too intimate for my ears, and to be embarrassed by it—yet pleased at the same time that I should have a confidence that perhaps only she had shared. I can see now that dingy room off the lockers, damp with the steam of the showers, the weak, late, afternoon light at the basement window, and the bulb with its green shade over the scratched desk. And I can smell the linament and alcohol and the neatsfoot oil that the managers were applying to the shoes in the equipment room down the corridor. Lights and smells of glory, with Sy like a disfigured statue behind the desk.

"And Henry," Sy said, "Henry can't be taught that. 'Best all around back in years'—hah!" And he gave the papers another jab.

There was something about the week that followed that made it memorable, even before we knew that Sy was through. It was as though everything had pointed to it: her death, the scout from Purdue, Buzz's indiscretion, Father Bundy's equally unpolitic remarks to me (for I was still a student, of course), and, to top it all, Sy's uncharacteristic confidence to me. It was as though the faculty committee and Sy had decided quite independently and yet mutually that this was his last game. Surely both must have made the decision; for nothing really happened in the game with St. Pete's to make it, to a casual fan, any different from any other game. And yet when Sy resigned "abruptly," as the papers said, during the following week with the city championship just within reach, there was no protest from the athletic committee—and stranger yet, there was no protest from the student body or the alumni. It was the conduct of the latter two that interests me most as I think back on it from the distance of twenty years. It was as though they felt that the man deserved a rest, as though they knew all the time that he had carried a fight more strenuous than that of any team he put into the field. It was

one of those rare and strange decisions that a crowd can make and that is right.

But for those of us who were close to the team that week before the game, it was a week to remember. In the first place there was Sy bellowing to the squad, day after day: "You're *not* going to pass; you're going to *drive, drive, drive.* You're going to buckle that line, break its back, smash in there—right *there . . . there . . . there . . .*" and Sy would be jabbing at the blackboard, poking with such force that his finger would skid and his nail shriek along the board. "In there . . . *in . . . in . . .* you don't stop, you barrel along. . . .*You*, Henry get the lead out, earn your keep . . . you mince along like a filly. Lift your legs . . . give them a knee . . . lay them out. . . ." And there was Buzz Henry trying to smile the whole thing off as routine—which it was, except that for him there was no relief from it. He wasn't given a chance to change his pace; he couldn't protect himself.

Buzz prided himself on his passing and his fast breakaway on a reverse from a single wing—but Sy would have none of it; he had Henry battering off tackle or plunging through center all week. Father Bundy stood on the sidelines chewing his lip and muttering Latin ejaculations to himself. Eddie Moran simply gave up and threw himself into the spirit of the thing. By Friday the squad was battered and berserk, and Henry looked desparate even in class. He was no longer either attentive or reasonable.

I guess Sy was mad in a way, if a fanatic commitment to an ideal is madness. He never could wait to make a boy a man, and a man was an instrument of war. When I saw the dogged squads inching up to the beach at Iwo a few years later, I understood Sy better. When you can't see or touch your antagonist, that's when the fight is tightest—and that had been Sy's fight, always. By the end of the week, it was as though Buzz Henry was the testing ground for all Sy believed. I knew what it was, because she had left her mark on me, too. She liked Buzz. Perhaps Sy was determined that Henry should measure up to that before he quit. I like to believe that, but who really knows?

That Saturday, I leaned over the huddle that the squad made on the field before the game, hearing the cheers in the background at a great distance (as one hears cheers in the pileup after scrimage).

Sy extended his hand, and we all reached out hands to stack above his. All around that crouching circle the boys were blessing themselves: one could understand certain aspects of the fervor of the Inquisition, watching one of Sy's squads bless itself. From that point on, anything might go. But I knew that they were up to the same thing in that huddle across the center stripe—a kind of apostolic aegis for mayhem.

Eddie Moran lasted three plays, and his removal with a cracked rib was, I guess, worth the penalty of half the distance to the goal line that St. Peter's had to pay for unnecessary roughness. Then the heat was on: Sy's directions to the substitute quarterback were that Buzz was to call the plays in the huddle. Sy never did anything half way.

On the first play, of course, he called a pass, and Sy grabbed a sub guard by the scruff of the neck. "Tell Henry," he said, "if he does that again I'll drag him out by the seat of his pants." So Henry called for himself on a reverse, and, as they say, "swept wide around end for a distance of twelve yards." Another sub was under Sy's thumb: "Remind Henry there's a scout in the stands, and if he doesn't play he won't be seen." It was murder. Buzz wore out all his backs by the fourth quarter, and then he was reduced to plunging himself. I must say he looked very good—he had saved himself sufficiently for that. Yet Buzz was a man mesmerized. He'd drag himself from the pileup and look over at Sy and shake his head. I don't think he'd have dared to oppose Sy's will, for fear the old man would charge on the field and brain him with a yard marker. He wasn't used to this sort of treatment anyhow, and the past week had staggered him.

Father Bundy sat next to me, when he wasn't pacing up and down the track just behind the bench, muttering epithets. When we got down to the one yard line in the fourth quarter for the nearest approach to a score either team had had all afternoon, and Father could see Buzz looking longingly at Sy over the huddle, he said to me, "I don't believe it; I just don't believe." But Sy was jabbing his fist in and out like a professional boxer warming up. Well, there you are. Anyone but Buzz, faced with this hypnotic order and knowing that the other people would have their eyes on him, would have let the fullback do it, or sneaked the quarterback

across—but Buzz had the half of his brains that hadn't been shaken loose on the scout from Purdue in the stands. So he did the damn thing himself, and when the melee unpiled he just didn't get up, though he was across the goal line by a good foot. Sy took him out then, and apparently he had difficulty even hearing the cheers. He had a stricken look, as though he'd been half over a precipice and barely saved. He didn't stop at the bench but went like a man who'd never waken into the showers, leaning on the shoulders of two of the managers. He'd go on to Purdue all right, but who'd ever hear of him there? The fight was knocked out of him that day. . . .

Anyhow, that did it, and within ten minutes the game was officially ours. Sy didn't go in with the team, and he brushed off reporters who had some pertinent questions to ask him, and the alumni who came to pound his back. He sat on the bench at last with his chin in his hands. Then, when the stands were nearly emptied and there was that loneliness that follows certain bugle calls and precedes certain hours of autumn twilight, he got up and gestured to me, and we walked in together.

It's high summer. Down the pike the yellow maples scarcely move, though there is a faint breeze that my wife insists comes always with the changing of the moon. Yesterday the humidity lifted, and yesterday I saw the first leaves fall—at least a month ahead of their time. They fell from one tree only, diseased perhaps, though you'd scarcely know it to look at the great trunk and the full ladder of green limbs starting just above the average man's reach. I suspect as many diseases affect trees as men, and sometimes you can't tell when either's been touched. I pulled the car to the side of the road, wondering how long it would be before the tree was bare and would have to be cut down. In autumn I would not have noticed the tree, but autumn was at least a month away. Suddenly I was filled with the premonition of autumn, that odd retrospective foreshadowing, and I thought of Sy and his unseasonal Antagonist—or perhaps that he had flushed the Antagonist into the clear light of every season; and I remembered Father Bundy standing beside Sy's desk when we came in to the cubicle from the field.

"You're mad, Sy, absolutely and completely mad," Father Bundy said.

Sy stopped in front of him. He stood with his legs spread and planted like old roots, his hands on his hips, his chin out like the edge of a hatchet. "You think so?"

"I do indeed. That boy Henry took an unnecessary beating today."

Sy didn't raise his voice, but he glared right through Bundy; and I got the impression of some priest, chanting in a ritually intense and impersonal tone: "He's got his legs, hasn't he? He's got his arms. He's no cripple. He can fight, can't he? He can *drive* . . . he doesn't have to sit and take it, does he?" Then he brought his legs together and loomed over Bundy like an old, gnarled giant of a tree himself about to fall. "Get out," he said.

"For heaven's sake," Father Bundy said. He left.

Sy's hands were open at his sides, huge and tough in repose; he might have been a carved figure of a man there, a monumental man. The one bulb over his desk was the only light we had; we would go out soon into the early autumn twilight, and though I had no illusions that he needed me, I very much needed him. I did not want to be alone:

"Sy . . .," I began.

He didn't look at me; he walked slowly over to the locker like a man meditating a complex problem. He had his coat on and his battered felt hat before he spoke:

"We're not getting them young enough, kid," he said. "They're spoiled before we get them. We've got to get to them younger."

But the Antagonist intervened, and Sy has fought it out alone.

Audio Phobia

By CATHERINE THAXTER

Leaves, batflying through darkness, brush
The screen, and, shuddering, I probe the hush
Outside my window. Nothing there. Nothing anywhere
Horned or cloven-hoofed. But I was born to fear
The articulate intangibles that ride
Wild weather over Stygian countryside
And speak from copses when Orion's face is clear.
To each his headless horseman: Mine, the sounds
Of things nocturnal; cat blasphemy, the hound's
Moon-moaning, disembodied presences that creak, and squeak,
And skulk in shadow. So delicately attuned, so fine
My auricular perception I can hark
To larvae twisting into pupal dark
And hear the tortuous creeping of the vine.
Damn, damn these hellborn ears! And Heaven grant
My grave be soundproof, lest one lead-footed ant
Disturb my slumber, and I burst the cursed
Sepulchral blackness, gibbering, to flee
Daylightward, or, in mindless panic, bore
The other way to horrify some poor
Neurotic Chinese counterpart of me.

CATHERINE THAXTER, a "late starting" poet, began publishing verse in the big circulation magazines and newspapers a few years ago and has since graduated (if that is the word) to the quarterlies.

The Naked Snail

By SUE ANN HARTLEY

The naked snail
Gropes along the jagged edge of contact,
Pokes up to a crevice, grips a stem,
Exudes a sticky sap of self. Snails
Suck along the surface of each other . . .

Quick
At a prick
Of the fact of feeling
To contract, pull back,
To spiral in:

Blind, safe spiral at the touch of other,
Not knowing tree from twig or
Leaf down-spiralled from above,
Snow from Black Widow spittle-thread,
Pin from pinfeather,
Threat from love.

SUE ANN HARTLEY is a graduate student at Ohio State University. This is her first publication.

Forty Thousand Thousand Fathers

By ROBERT SARGENT

Behind us, forty thousand thousand fathers
    Who in their lust unthinkingly conveyed
The little wet and chromosomic capsules,
    From which we all incredibly are made,

Provide the serial suffering links, unbroken,
    Which, one by fateful one, from you and me,
Through naked, hairy, scaled and bony creatures,
    Lead finally to the warm Devonian sea

And there we find our forty millionth father,
    All gilled and finned. His fishy, baleful eyes
Inform us that the piscine brain behind them
    Gives us no warmth with which to sympathize.

And forward? Do you think our aspirations
    Puffed in the half-way house of earth's long run,
Will matter to that cold, bizarre descendent:
    Our alien forty thousand thousandth son?

ROBERT SARGENT, a government engineer in Washington, D.C., last appeared on these pages in the Winter '61-'62 issue.

Japan's Answer to the Population Explosion

By CHESTER L. HUNT

■ The dramatic changes in Japan since the end of the American occupation come to a sharp focus when one visits farms like that belonging to Yukimutsu Tachi, the thirty-five year old owner of three acres near Okayama City. The role of landowner itself is new in his family, for his father worked as a laborer for the company which had reclaimed several hundred acres from the clutch of the Inland Sea. Land reform saw the company classified as an individual by virtue of its corporate nature and therefore limited to six acres of land. Tachi's father seized the chance to buy the plot he had been cultivating and passed it on to Tachi, his eldest son, at his death three years later. Inflation had reduced the price paid for the land to a mere fraction of the annual crop and it was clear of debt by the time the father had died.

Three acres seems like a tiny plot by American standards, but is above average for Japanese farms and produces a rich crop of tatami grass, rice, and mixed vegetables. Tachi farms on about the scale of the traditional Asian peasant, but his approach to farming and to life in general places him in another world. He and his wife are both high school graduates, they subscribe to a daily newspaper, are members of an experimental farmers group organized by the government agricultural agent, and regard farming as a business enterprise whose methods are always subject to change

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CHESTER L. HUNT, Professor of Sociology at Western Michigan University, has written for us previously on problems of social change in emerging nations. The present article is based on observations made during travels in the Orient under a Fulbright grant.

in the hope of greater return. The garden tractor is one of many machines which have so reduced the labor requirements that Tachi works about six months a year in the nearby Mitsui shipbuilding yards. A television aerial is perched on the rooftop, and a washing machine stands beside the kitchen.

Changes in family life have been as drastic as those in the economic area. Like his mother, Tachi's wife works in the field with her husband; a farm wife takes it for granted that heavy farm work is a part of her normal existence—which may be one reason that local girls are now reported reluctant to marry farmers. Like most Japanese wives, she prepares a hot bath for her husband and massages his weary frame at the end of the day before beginning preparation for the evening meal. Chronic childbearing, however, is not her destiny. She and Tachi have two children and desire no more. They follow contraceptive practices advised by the local health office, and if this fails they resort to abortion paid through the National Health Service. Children are expensive, their demand for a higher standard of living is pressing, and the means to limit family growth are accessible. A generation ago, the possibility of family planning seldom occurred to peasants and, if it did, they learned that the Emperor needed more soldiers for the glory of his realm. Today, Japan has one of the world's lowest birth rates, and peasants lag only a short pace behind city dwellers in the acceptance of the small family pattern.

Japan's example is unique in a world where there is much talk about the "population explosion" but little evidence of effective efforts to control it. Even countries like France, which before World War II were cited as examples of incipient population decline, are now experiencing substantial population increase; while the American increase of about one and three-fourths per cent a year is responsible for mounting pressure on educational facilities which are usually overcrowded by the time new buildings are opened. In Latin America and Asia, the rate of population increase is between two and three per cent—a figure so high that even the best program of economic development has difficulty making significant progress.

The basic reason for the difficulty of population control is

a differential rate of diffusion in the spread of industry and of public health. Improvements in the industrial system seem fraught with difficulty, and enormous expenditures often yield but scanty returns. As technology improves it offers greater production, but at the same time the cost of capital equipment is removed even further from the financial means of underdeveloped areas. Even more difficult are the cultural changes in a shift from subsistence agriculture to a machine industry. Developing a supply of entrepreneurs, engineers, skilled laborers, and other necessary personnel requires a social climate often lacking in traditional societies. Young men may dream of becoming lawyers or government employees or they may cast even these visions aside in the intoxication of a heady nationalism. They find it less appealing, however, to learn the discipline of industry and the comparatively sober requirement of business success. Governments may be operated by men who feel their country's prime need is for capital improvement which provides the railroads, highways, factories, and power plants that make possible the production of goods, but popular pressure for consumer goods works against the acquisition of a surplus for capital accumulation. Under such pressure, governments push toward inflation and seek to divert popular pressure into nationalistic adventures such as the Indonesian demand for Dutch New Guinea or the attack on alien merchants who carry on the faint elements of commerce which have been developed. Nationalism may be kindled as part of the revolution of rising expectations, but it is hard to make industrial progress keep pace with popular demand for more abundant life.

By contrast, modern technology has made the achievement of better health a comparatively simple matter. This has been made possible largely through immunization and the use of the "miracle" drugs. Half-clad aborigines march past a table where they receive immunizations, and their death rate is cut in half with no change in the rest of their culture at all. The expense of this type of health development is small, the resistance fairly easy to overcome, and the results spectacular. Malaria and yellow fever are almost obliterated, tuberculosis is rapidly declining, smallpox is practically unknown. Most of the diseases which formerly cut down people by the millions are now under control. This advance in health

may occur without producing immediate changes in the rest of the society. It may be a precondition for industrialization, but, by itself, it does nothing to increase production. Neither does it alter the birth rate, which usually remains at about the level which held true in North America in 1800. Population spurts forward, industrialization advances slowly, and the best laid plans of the economic development agencies do little more than sustain a level of misery.

The experience of the West was so different that the newly developing countries can learn little from its example. In the West, the lowering of the death rate and the consequent increase in the population was both a more gradual process and one accompanied by other changes which softened its impact. The decline of the death rate in Europe and North America involved a major cultural change in many fields. It was based on the slow growth of medical knowledge, the expansion of hospitals and other medical facilities, and a gradually growing sophistication in diet and sanitation among the general population. At the same time, industrial and agricultural production were increasing, urbanization was taking place, and the birth rate was slowly dropping. The drop in the birth rate represented both the increasing availability of fairly effective methods of contraception and the growth of a "planning" attitude toward life. This planning attitude assumed that man could control his own destiny and substituted rational decision for the fatalistic acceptance of whatever life seemed to offer. If one planned education, shrewdly calculated business opportunities, and took out insurance against unavoidable risks, then it was obviously logical to plan the number of offspring as well. Over a period of a hundred and thirty years the birthrate in Western Europe and North America dropped from a figure of forty to fifty per thousand to between fifteen and twenty. By the nineteen thirties, it seemed that equilibrium had been achieved. Postwar developments have increased the rate, and the United States now has a birth rate of about twenty-five per thousand, which means that a substantial amount of industrial effort must go toward providing the schools, highways, houses, and other facilities for a growing population.

The historical processes of industrialization in the West have left that area with a growing population able to achieve a higher

level of living through the development of an even more rapidly growing technology. Even on these terms, population increase cannot go on forever and, unless outer space offers a population outlet, the Western countries may have to take some measures of population stabilization. For the present, however, there is no immediate crisis, and the relation between the death rate, the birth rate, and the rate of industrial production continues favorable.

The rest of the world cannot postpone the matter of population control until the indefinite future. It is swamped with a major increase right now. There is also little hope that the processes of unplanned change will operate to check population increase. Changes in urbanization, improvement in education, and the development of higher standards may lead to family planning in the course of two or three generations. By this time, however, Asiatic and South American countries will have been inundated by a human tidal wave which will nullify every effort to provide a better life for the average citizen. Or, to look at the problem in another way, if the present population wave continues, it may check improvement so that an urbanized middle class capable of family planning never arises.

In the past, arguments over population control have included three main viewpoints. The Marxians argued that the population explosion was a Capitalist illusion. The Roman Catholics held the that population growth probably wasn't serious and, in any event, nothing should be done which interfered with the reproductive consequences of sexual intercourse. Other religious groups generally recognized population pressure and held that contraception was simply a case of man using divinely inspired knowledge for the control of his environment. Statesmen in underdeveloped countries have generally inclined toward the acceptance of birth control, since the Marxian view obviously flies in the face of available facts while Roman Catholic morality seemingly condemns whole nations to hopeless poverty.

The problem is that statesmen may accept the desirability of contraception but their peoples are slow to follow the practices advocated. Usually the response has been increased propaganda, cheaper contraceptives, more social research into the process of decision making in family matters, along with an earnest hope

that somehow a pill will be developed which will solve all problems. These programs usually result in the practice of birth control being accelerated a bit in middle class circles, which in any event would soon have adopted birth control without any encouragement, while the reproductive rate in the bulk of the population remains unchanged.

The problem in non-Western areas is often seen as one of persuading people in these countries to accelerate the adoption of contraception. Usually the difficulties are viewed as economic and religious. Economic difficulties arise from the cost of contraceptives, and religious difficulties from the opposition of Roman Catholicism. Actually, neither of these obstacles is a serious as appears. Roman Catholic opposition may affect government policy, but it seldom seems to affect the birth control practices of individual Catholics. Austria and Belgium, for instance, have long been in the category of countries with the lowest birth rates—far lower than Protestant Norway. In the United States, urban areas with large Catholic populations have a lower birth rate than areas of the rural south where Catholics are almost unknown. This does not indicate that Catholics are indifferent to the teachings of their clergy, but simply that decisions about the use of or abstentation from contraception are not usually made on religious grounds.

Attributing the non-use of contraception to cost is equally illusory, though it is true that in many countries of the world a substantial part of the population would find the cost of contraceptives a major item. The more serious problem is that such populations are seldom seriously interested in contraception, regardless of cost factors. They may recognize dimly the burden of a large family—a burden seldom borne by their ancestors because the grim reaper kept his work synchronized with the stork—but vague realization has not led them into accepting a middle-class planning attitude toward life. When one does not seriously plan any sphere of life, he is certainly unlikely to do so in the realm of sex relations which have usually been available according to masculine whim. Further difficulties come about because of a lack of privacy in preparing for sexual activities and the lack of refrigeration or running water. In these circumstances, contraceptive supplies easily deter-

iorate, and the sexual act takes place in a crowded room which scarcely encourages contraceptive preliminaries.

The effect of these factors may be seen in the paucity of the results which have come from rather considerable efforts toward population control in India, Pakistan, and Puerto Rico. In these countries, the reduction of the birth rate has been encouraged by government policy. In India and Pakistan religious opposition was non-existent, and in Puerto Rico it was ineffectual. Indeed, one authority on Puerto Rican population, J. Mayonne Stycos, reported that denunciations by the Archbishop simply produced a larger turnout of people at the clinics who wanted to know what this birth control was that the Archbishop was denouncing.

In all these countries, ignorance was countered by elaborate campaigns utilizing the press, radio, and movies. Village health centers featured dramatic posters graphically illustrating the problems of supporting large families and urging birth control. Contraceptives were available free or at nominal cost, and public health nurses were ready to advise about their use. Thus, neither ignorance, religious opposition, nor cost could be viewed as major impediments, but the results of these campaigns have been almost negligible, and the birth rate remains at a figure high enough to provide a rapid population increase. India and Pakistan are looking for new methods, while the Puerto Rican government seems to have been convinced that the results of the campaign hardly warrant a continued drive for the adoption of contraceptive usage.

In contrast to the experience of these countries, the Japanese venture has been amazingly successful. The birth rate dropped in half between 1947 and 1961, from 34.3 to 16.8. The number of live births decreased from two million seven hundred thousand to one million six hundred thousand. The situation is also complicated by a drop in the death rate, but Japanese statisticians expect that, if present trends continue, population growth will cease by 1990, at which time Japan will have one hundred twelve million people as compared to some ninety four million today.

One might argue that the Japanese, as the best educated and most industrialized country in the Orient, were peculiarly ripe

for birth control. If this were so, there would be little hope for other countries, since by the time they might approach Japanese social conditions, population growth would be catastropic. Japanese education and industrialization may have facilitated a change in family customs, but there is a much simpler and more obvious explanation for the Japanese success: The Japanese population control program included one feature omitted in other programs—the legalization of abortion.

Legalized abortion is permitted on four grounds: health of the mother, economic hardship, rape, and "other unfavorable circumstances." It does have to be justified on some basis if the cost of the operation is to be covered by the National Health Insurance, and permissions could be restricted by government decree. In practice, however, present interpretations are so broad that there is in effect unlimited abortion. Reported induced abortions in Japan have been running at about a million a year, and health department officials estimate that unreported abortions would increase this number by at least fifty per cent. The number of abortions is approximately equal to the number of live births. Since the decline in live births is a little over a million a year, it is obvious that much of it would not have occurred without the influence of abortion.

The Japanese program has not neglected contraception, and a publicizing of the desirability of contraception has been especially effective in the country in which most of the families are reached by magazines and newspapers. Public health clinics offer advice, and contraceptives are subsidized for low income families. Pharmacies display posters urging the use of contraception, and most of them have a case of contraceptives set up in a prominent part of the store.* In spite of this kind of promotion, many Japanese ignore the program and others fail to achieve its practice. Studies of abortion cases indicate that fifty-eight per cent of the women seeking abortion were unsuccessful in their practice of contraception.

The exact effects of abortion are difficult to determine. Physicians vary in their opinions, and gynecologists tend to stress the safety of operations when properly performed. There seems to be general

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*While some small scale experimentation may be taking place, there is as yet no widespread use of the new oral contraceptives in Japan.

agreement that the death rate from abortions is extremely low, and the question is the extent of injurious after-effects. Statistics indicate a general improvement in the health of the Japanese public, a sharp drop in infant mortality, and a smaller drop in maternal mortality.

Whatever the final verdict as to the effect of abortion, it is undoubtedly an awkward and cumbersome method of family limitation. The number of abortions has remained at about a million for the last nine years, but, since the population is increasing, the rate has been gradually declining. They are obtained primarily by married women and are most numerous in the age groups between twenty-five and thirty-four. Reports on the sales of contraceptives indicate that all types have expanded their market since the early fifties. A nation-wide survey by the Mainichi newspapers of married women in the child-bearing ages indicated that the practice of contraception increased from nineteen per cent of the group in 1951 to forty-two per cent in 1959. While there was a variation by economic status, the twenty-seven per cent rate among day laborers was higher than the rate for the nation as a whole in 1947. The assumption is that the practice of contraception is gradually being extended to the lower economic levels. The Japanese population picture thus represents a sudden sharp drop due to the practice of abortion and a gradual long-term trend to a greater use of contraception.

Comments on the moral or physical consequences of abortion are apt to miss some of the other basic issues which are involved. For Japanese women, abortion offered an alternative to either unrestricted childbearing or the necessity for careful observance of contraceptive procedures. In many cases, they found continued childbearing economically disasterous and contraception psychologically impossible. Abortion, by contrast, is a relatively simple affair. It requires only a few hours at infrequent intervals and does not demand any type of continuous planning. It does not require the co-operation of the husband and is an act which a woman can take on her own initiative. Japanese culture has not developed the repugnance to abortion found in many other countries, and it is a practice which offers population control with a minimum of change in family relationship.

The significant ethical question in relation to population problems is not the morality of contraception, but the ethical justification of abortion and sterilization. In Western countries, the *de facto* acceptance of contraception is fairly complete, although the completion of the *de jure* legitimazation may have to wait until the time when the Vatican authorities can find a suitable formula. In areas outside of Western Europe and North America, contraception is simply not relevant to the situation. In these areas, if people deal with population limitation at all, it is through an act which is performed only once or, at least, only a few times. Sterilization allows the avoidance of reproduction after a satisfactory family size has been reached, and abortion provides for the interruption of pregnancy while preserving the ability to bear children when desired. Both of these methods have been rejected, except under special circumstances, by the bulk of Western opinion. Either of them offers the citizen of less developed areas a method of population restriction he is able to follow within the context of his current pattern of family relationships. Incidentally, it should be added that Western countries have not been able to achieve population control entirely by contraception, and illegal abortions in the United States run to about a million cases a year. While Japanese abortions are performed by competent physicians with adequate facilities, the American abortions are often performed by unlicensed practitioners whose facilities are limited at best.

Some recognition of this aspect of the problem is taking place. In Puerto Rico, where contraceptive practice has generally been unsuccessful, the performance of sterilization is so eagerly sought that making arrangements for "La Operacion" at a government hospital is a valued political favor. India, which has tried, without much success, to promote both contraception and the rhythm method, is currently experimenting in a few areas with an offer of a cash bouns of fifteen rupees to males who will volunteer for sterilization. With the exception of Japan, however, no nation has made either abortion or sterilization easily available to the bulk of its citizens, and experimentation has been limited in scope.

The more easily observable trends in the Japanese family all indicate the probable accuracy of the prediction that population equilibrium will be reached by 1990. The basis for this figure is that

the practice of family limitation is spreading, which will reduce the birth rate still further. The proportion of the childbearing age group will eventually decline, and the proportion of elderly population increase. Since the mortician cannot be delayed indefinitely, the death rate will increase as the birth rate declines.

The statistical projections are sound enough if one assumes that trends in family life will continue in the same direction as they have in the past twelve years. On the surface, there seems every indication that this will be true. Young Japanese have a fervent desire for a level of living permitting motorcycles, vacations, and all the household labor-saving devices known to the Western world. Public opinion questionnaires indicate that they desire a family of two to three children and take the practice of contraception for granted. On a personal basis, the Japanese woman does not want to be burdened with the care of numerous children in households which increasingly lack either servants or older relatives and both parents balance the cost of offspring against the desire to enjoy a greater quantity of consumer goods.

Sociologists, who once predicted that the United States birth rate would continue to drop and that Americans would reach a population equilibrium by 1950, are naturally somewhat skeptical about assuming that population movements in any society necessarily continue to follow a consistent trend. There are at least a few indications of possible change in Japan which may reverse the course of population trends.

One of these is the age of marriage. The average for Japanese is about twenty-four for women and twenty-six for men as compared to the American figure of twenty and twenty-two respectively. As yet there is no indication that the age level of marriage will be dropping, but this does seem to have been the trend in other countries as industrialization offers women a chance to get jobs by which they can supplement the family income. The economic obstacles to early marriage in Japan are increased by a wage system which places great emphasis on seniority so that the factory laborer of forty may receive three to four times the starting wage of the young worker. Demand for younger workers, however, may force a change in the seniority emphasis. Last year, the wage level of

young workers increased by over twenty per cent—a trend which might precipitate earlier matrimony and greater total fertility.

There are also signs that the national attitude about the urgency of population control may be changing. Population restriction has been presented to the Japanese as both a personal convenience and a national necessity. Presumably, family planning is largely based on personal wishes, but if the concept of national welfare changes, then the government may diminish support of population control as a public health measure just as it is gaining widespread acceptance among young people. Currently, the Ministry of Health and Welfare announces that the emphasis is on quality, not quantity. Employers complain about the difficulty of hiring youthful workers, and economic planners anticipate that labor shortages may slow industrial expansion. Such labor shortage forecasts seem doubtful in view of the imminent spread of automation along with the shift of Japanese production from small shops to large factories. Regardless of their foundation, worries about labor shortage appear with greater frequency and will undoubtedly have some influence on national policy.

Another matter of some doubt is government policy toward induced abortion. At this point, there is considerable ambivalence in the attitude of well informed Japanese. Many of them are proud of their country's success in population control. They realize that the legalization of abortion is largely responsible for that success, and yet they are uneasy about the acceptance of abortion. Occasional statements by government officials deplore the prevalence of abortion. Recently, Fumihiko Munakata of the Health and Welfare Ministry announced that foreign women who were coming to Japan for the express purpose of obtaining an abortion were committing a crime and might be subject to imprisonment, and last summer the American Sherri Finkbine was officially discouraged from obtaining her much-publicized abortion in Japan. Reports on popular attitudes vary. Some observers say that abortion is a matter-of-fact operation with little feeling of guilt or desire for secrecy. Others report that women sometimes go to other towns and sometimes use practitioners outside of the National Health Insurance system to maintain secrecy. The Mainichi newspaper survey found that forty-seven per cent of the college-educated women admitted having had abortions

as compared with thirty-seven per cent of women with less than ninth grade education. About one-fourth of each group refused to give information, which may indicate that at least this proportion are uneasy about the social acceptance of abortion.

Since government policies in Japan are only indirectly related to mass pressure, the confusion in public opinion about abortion means that a governmental change is at least possible. The Family Planning Association has urged contraception as a substitute for abortion, and over a period of time some progress will presumably occur in this direction. The major use of abortion, at the present time, is by married women who have not been successful in contraception. As more Japanese become familiar with birth control techniques, one would expect such failures to decrease, but this is a slow process and one which never reaches complete success.

A change in governmental policy which made abortion more difficult would work toward a higher birth rate and might completely reverse population trends. Japanese religion has not explicitly condemned abortion, and both abortion and infanticide were practiced in pre-Meiji Japan. However, Japanese are sensitive to outside opinion and are becoming increasingly uncertain about the legitimacy of a practice which so much of the rest of the world condemns.

Perhaps a more pertinent question is the matter of attitudes toward family size. Americans are sometimes described as having changed from a success motivation to a family motivation which considers economic success less important than family "togetherness." This analysis of the trend to larger families ignores the role of a prosperity so great that many Americans see no need for a choice. Times are so prosperous that they can have five children and two late model automobiles without having to sacrifice the one for the other. This type of development seems unlikely in Japan in the foreseeable future. While Japan is the most prosperous country in Asia, the average per capita income is still only about $350 a year. Even if the government of Premier Ikeda succeeds in its goal of doubling the Japanese income in the next ten years, the amount will still be sufficiently low to place a strong premium on the maintenance of the small family system. The maintenance of a policy of population control is by no means certain, but the odds in its favor seem pretty strong.

Regardless of the ultimate outcome of the Japanese population policy, the rest of the world has much to learn from its operation. The most obvious lesson is that if the Japanese had relied on contraception alone, they could not have achieved so drastic a reduction in the birth rate. If the bulk of the Japanese population were unable to adopt contraception, it is idle to hope that nations less urbanized and less prosperous will be more successful. The effective use of contraception depends upon the assimilation of middle-class planning attitudes, and these attitudes do not develop in a short period of time. The problem is not one of communication, religious taboo, or expense; it is a problem of cultural change. In this context, most of the arguments about birth control policies have been irrelevant. Catholics might oppose government efforts to spread contraception and feel that they were defending the faith; others might urge the government encouragement of birth control as a means by which modern man can control his environment and build a better life. Actually, in the areas in which the need for population limitation is greatest, both attitudes are largely ritualistic procedures by which men relieve their own consciences, rather than policies related to effective population control. The man recently emerging from peasant society is able to visualize to some extent the problem of overpopulation. He is not able to follow the patterns of urban middle-class culture implied in the successful practice of contraception. The Japanese have demonstrated how population limitation can be achieved without a complete reliance on contraception. If other countries are to achieve their success, they will also find it necessary to adopt practices compatible with the culture of their people

Totems

By GEORGE CUOMO

From each open wooden hand
A globy skeptic eye peers out.
A simple pair were judged too few
To exorcise within their view
Occasional devils seen about
That primitive and placid land.

For us, even four would never do—
And all facing front! What about
The back? sides? within? up and down?
We'd need millions—eyes everywhere—to drown
Whole armies in endless light, shout
Vision like a flood. That perhaps might do.

GEORGE CUOMO was educated and has taught at several American universities, now teaches at Victoria College in British Columbia. His poems have been in many of the literary quarterlies, and his first novel, *Jack Be Nimble*, will soon be published by Doubleday.

A Gentlewoman's Sonnet

By ROBIN MORGAN

Strange, but this castle is not foreign to me.
I somehow know the place. I know these walls
house a creature who prowls the stately halls
in search, he says, of beauty. I can see
beneath his velvet cloak to where he
wears beast hide, wherein a blonde prince dwells
in turn; within the prince, whose fairness peels
away like wax, a monster, who can free
a new prince to smile with already thickening jaws.
I shall arrange my gown, settle my lace,
and rest my ringed white hand within his paws.
Although I fear his eyes upon my face
may yet release within me fangs and claws—
I sense my saving death in such a place.

ROBIN MORGAN's poems have appeared in many of the literary magazines as well as in *The Bantam Book Anthology of World Love Poetry* (translations) and *Poems By Seven*, an anthology published by Voyages Press.

Scenes de la Mort Boheme

By WILLIAM WISER

■ How I happened to meet this girl I got engaged to is a long story I'm saving for my analyst someday. But she was who nursed me back to health from the world's worst case of the flu I caught one night walking all the way back to my place from K's studio, in the snow, in just tennis shoes and my levis all covered with blood.

Anyway, this girl I'm engaged to, Thelma, used to come down to my cold-water flat on East Tenth every single day to feed me bouillon cubes dissolved in hot water to make broth and Lipton's Instant powdered soup you do the same way to get my strength back. And tea and stuff. She got me to move out of the hole I was living in and move into this same building on the Upper East Side where she lives that's got built-in garbage disposal units and a doorman. She even got me the job I've got—through her old man, who knows all the people in this town you've got to know to get anywhere. The Production Manager in charge of Layout and Design said I had a genuine flair for beer-ad cartoons and they were putting me in a spot loaded with potential up-grading and that within a year I would definitely be doing original design instead of just paste-ups.

Well, anyway, Thelma and me got engaged.

She's really a great little gal and I owe her a hell of a lot. I always thought I would mind wearing slim-jim ties and cuff links every damn day, but actually I'm getting used to it. I'm learning how to play golf out of this book she bought me. She graduated from Bryn Mawr and is trying to improve my grammar, too, gradually.

WILLIAM WISER's first published story, "The Ballad of Jimmy Ray Jones," appeared in our Winter '55-'56 issue. Since then he has written for men's magazines, newspapers, and trade journals, spent a year in Europe, married a girl he met there, and returned to New York City to work on a novel.

But it was literally months after K died that night that I was waiting outside this store on Fifth Avenue (uptown) while Thelma was leaving her bridal gift list inside. They've got this thing where if you're going to get married you can leave a list at some fairly chic store saying all the stuff you need and your silverware pattern and different rooms of your apartment's color scheme. Then you tell all your friends and relatives the name of the store where to get you your wedding loot and that way the stuff is crossed off the list every time somebody buys something and you don't end up with, say, half-a-dozen toasters or anything like that and you don't have to run all over the city exchanging stuff after the wedding is over with. It's a good system but slightly cold-blooded.

Like I said, I was hanging around in front of this store, plenty bored, waiting for Thelma to come out and smile a big smile at me for being so patient, when who do I see stalking across Fifth Avenue but Bronson, of all people.

"Hi ya, ace," he said, and he came up to me and stood around with me while I waited.

"What're you doing wearing a suit-and-tie for christsakes in the middle of June?" he asked me.

I wasn't in the mood to go into detail so I just said, "What're *you* doing north of Fourteenth Street?"

Bronson was the kind of guy who wouldn't get caught dead *up*town unless it was to apply for unemployment. But it turned out he was just coming from a retrospective show at the Select Gallery on Fifty-Seventh which used to be downtown in the Village, only then they called it the Primitive.

"Whose?" I asked, meaning whose show were they showing.

"K's," he said.

Neither one of us said anything for a minute. I, in fact, was feeling slightly sweaty and slightly frozen at the same time. I happened not to have any cigarettes with me and Bronson was out (as usual) too. Anyway, I reminded myself, Thelma was trying to get me to cut down.

I was all of a sudden thinking about that night, the night K died, and then I started wondering what the hell Bronson was doing looking at K's paintings. But before I could ask him anything, he said, "I sort of go with Sharon, now, you know."

Sharon was K's daughter. I didn't see how Bronson could exactly be *going* with her because what she actually was was a patient at Central Islip, which is this hospital out on Long Island, an insane asylum as a matter of fact. This I found out from Myer right after K died. Myer came around to see me a couple of times when I was on my last legs from the flu. He told me all about Sharon but I was too sick at the time to be very shocked.

"I go out and visit her every visiting day," Bronson was saying, "and I think she recognizes me most of the time. I take her Hershey bars and *Art News Annual* and stuff. Sometimes we just sit around and nobody says a word, but a lot of times she tells me what bastards the doctors are or what she watched on TV the night before. As soon as she finishes her insulin-shock series and gets discharged I'm going to ask her to marry me."

I naturally wished him congratulations and good luck but it was really weird hearing all this from Bronson. In fact, while he was talking, I was feeling slightly sick to my stomach, along with the chills-and-fever, like I was catching the flu all over again. I wished the hell Thelma would come on. Or I at least had a cigarette. My mind, once it gets going on something, you can't stop it. I was having all kinds of visions and nightmares right out on Fifth Avenue in broad daylight. Bronson finally changed the subject slightly but it was mainly the lower East Side news and what was going on in the Village, like for instance about how Myer had cut off everybody's credit lately because somebody stole a bunch of camel's hair brushes right off the top of his display counter and about this new guy who hung out at the Seven Arts Coffee House that had a beard only on one side of his face because he had a birthmark and couldn't grow anything on the other side and about how two guys we both knew were trying to join up with some invasion force that was going to attack Cuba and Bronson's latest idea of mixing sequins in concrete to show the glittery surface impression of . . .

But none of this chatter got through to me very strong or made much of a dent. I was out of it. I wouldn't've gone back to Bohemia for a million bucks. But what really must've got me worked up was hearing about the old lady, K's old lady. Bronson was saying, "Yeah, she's doing O.K. for herself. She's selling K's stuff like there's no tomorrow—which there ain't, you got to sell while the iron's hot in

this racket—and she's also I hear writing this book about her life with K that some big publisher likes the first half-dozen chapters of."

Hearing that, hit home. K's old lady, the only one that stuck by him through everything; I remembered her the way she was that night, the night K died. Jesus, I was sick. I edged up alongside the building, feeling like I might pass out any minute. I sort of propped myself against this showcase window full of Danish salad bowls and stainless steel. I tried to tell myself, *don't think about it*, but I kept right on remembering.

"What's the matter, ace? You look lousy."

"Don't mind me," I said. "I'm just having a heart attack."

Bronson burped. What happened that night was this:

K was dying. The word was out all through the Village, all over Bohemia in fact. I first heard it halfway through a chess game at the Seven Arts Coffee House on East Tenth. East Tenth was where I was living. Greenwich Village has moved to the lower East Side: everybody who was anybody was living in a cold-water flat or a loft. If you were an abstract expressionist you lived on East Tenth. Neo-impressionists and action painters drifted more toward Sixth and Seventh around Avenue B. I was an abstract expressionist, which means you live on East Tenth and when you deal in terms of paint and reality . . .

Myer is who told us about K. Myer has this store he calls the *Greenwich Village Arts and Crafts* which is not exactly in Greenwich Village and where if he knows you, you can always get ten per cent off on those economy-size tubes of paint. He knows everybody. Myer is a businessman but everybody likes him. What painter wouldn't like a guy where if you bought a tube of zinc white for instance anyplace else it would cost you a dollar twenty-five and Myer'd let you have it for a little over a buck just because you were a painter? Myer liked painters, too, even if he did make his living off of them. Myer had known K since the first millenium, from way back in the twenties sometime. K was old guard, old Village—one of the early birds in abstract art and still very well known as a matter of fact. A pioneer, like Duchamp or somebody. But good. He still had a hell of a good brush technique for an old man. For awhile he was using whisk brooms dipped in whitewash making up-and-

down strokes on a perfectly black—I mean *black*—canvas. The effect was terrific. You have to give him credit. Like I say, Myer and K were old buddies from back when the Village was *the* stomping grounds for the Arts. So if Myer had the word about K you knew it was the word.

"They say he can't last the night," Myer said.

I was pretty shocked to hear. I just about knocked over the chessboard when he told us.

"Can you see him? Is he in a hospital anyplace?"

"He's at home," Myer said. "They started to take him to Bellevue but this interne took one look and said just to leave him. He was too far gone to move."

"Jesus Christ," I said.

"So what?" said Bronson. Bronson was the guy I was playing chess with. "That guy died thirty years ago."

I got slightly angry. I was already pretty excited and this time I really did knock over the board. Chess pieces went flying everywhere. I was standing up glaring at him, but Bronson just sat there. He didn't give a good goddam about K or anybody else. He was probably slightly p.o.'d about the chess game though. He generally lost about nineteen games out of twenty but he had just a few moves back picked off my queen and now my king's bishop was . . .

Bronson was a sculptor. Sculptors are the wrecking crew of the arts if you ask me. They're about as sensitive as a bunch of shipyard riveters. Take Bronson, for example: he worked with old automobile parts—all rusted and busted—and he welded them together so that they looked worse than before he got them (out of some junk yard). And if the stuff wasn't rusty enough when he got it, he chipped away whatever paint there was left and poured water on it and let it stand around awhile until he got just the right amount of rust. Or if he was using an exhaust pipe, for instance, and it wasn't bent and dented enough, why he took a sledge hammer and made sure it was really bent and dented. I ask you, where's the art to that? And the payoff is he *sold* the stuff, regular. Ford, Chrysler, General Motors, all the automobile executives were mad for his sculptures. I don't know what they did with them. After they bought something nobody ever saw it again. Bronson never in his life had a one-man show. Or *any* kind of show. I personally think the automobile

people tossed his stuff back on the scrap heap so the public couldn't see what their shiny big-finned cars were going to look like in two years' time.

The reason I was slightly angry at what Bronson said about K was that K was always one of my frontline heroes—like Gary Cooper was when I was a kid and wanted to be a cowboy—and in fact my style of painting wouldn't've been what it was without what I learned from K. I used to actually stare by the hour at some of K's early work, stuff they've got at the Whitney and the Modern and that one big canvas the Guggenheims bought before K went out of style and they've quit showing (wishing they had their money back, I guess) which is as good as anything anybody ever painted.

"Listen, Bronson," I said—mad, but not mad enough to fight because Bronson was about twice my size and all shoulder muscles from bending pipe molds and automobile axles in his bare hands or whatever he does. (You're bound to get a better build chipping stone and slinging cement than if all you do is put paint on canvas, but if it was a question of sensitivity . . .) "Listen, Bronson, if it wasn't for K and what he did for modern art you'd right now be a boilermaker or a garage mechanic or something. K is who got modern art going in this country and without him we'd all of us be back in the dark ages painting Christ crucified."

Bronson just sat there being bored. He was scraping the rust from under his fingernails with a matchstick. Myer didn't know what was coming off, fight or what, but he wanted to get going back to K and said, "If you want to still see him you better come now."

I really wanted to see him—it was a historical moment if you wanted to look at it that way—but I frankly don't like anything that's got anything to do with death. I'd make a lousy mortician. I know you have to die *some*time, everybody does, but I just don't want any part of it. It doesn't seem natural somehow, just morbid. But I put on my old Navy pea coat anyway. What the hell. I wanted, after all, to pay my last respects to the man whose work probably was what made me a painter in the first place. What surprised me was seeing Bronson put on his old sheepskin coat that smelled like the sheep was still in it, and start walking with us.

"Where you going?" I naturally asked.

"Hell, I might as well go on over and see him too."

When we walked outside in the snow I realized what Bronson was going for. Bronson was about halfway gone on K's daughter Sharon who was a really sharp-looking Village type chick, even if she never mixed it up much with anybody or any Group or anything. She was just sharp without even trying. She was very independent, also slightly distant-looking, looking like she was about forty-million light years out of it—making the scene at a scene that wasn't even discovered yet—and maybe hardly recognizing a guy the next day she went out with the night before. She did that to me once, as a matter of fact. She never went with anybody, steady. She never wore any makeup like Village chicks always never wear, but with her you knew it wasn't because it was the style but only because she didn't *have any*. I was more than slightly gone on her myself.

Outside it was cold as hell, just after one of New York's traffic-jamming snowstorms that kids and radio announcers and the Sanitation Department get so excited about. I mean *cold*. What a night to pick to die in. Bronson and me were wearing these thin levis that if you put just the right amount of bleach in a Bendix with them you get them a light, light shade of blue but if you put in too much like we naturally did you get these white streaks that look something like scar tissue. And the trouble is the bleach eats away about a layer of material and the wind goes right through them. So Myer led the way. He was wearing these almost hip boots that he got in a Flood Sale or something at Klein's I guess. Bronson and me walked in his boot prints. I went last. Even Bronson was at least wearing Army-Navy clodhoppers but all I had on my feet were wool socks and tennis shoes. We must've vaguely resembled the British Expeditionary Team out to scale Pike's Peak or Annapurna without oxygen. We walked all the way to Bleecker that way.

The old lady met us at the top of five drafty flights with a red scarf wrapped round her neck. When she said my and Myer's names her breath was all frosty in the hallway. She didn't know Bronson. Myer introduced him and when Bronson said, "Pleased to meet you, Mrs. K," she said, "I'm not Mrs. K you know, we never married." I had forgot she always said that and smiled when she said it and seemed sort of proud. There's all kinds of status in this world.

Next thing we knew we were inside K's studio which was like inside a refrigerator only there were about fifty people sitting and

standing around giving off a little body heat. Not that there was any life to them, any of them, being for the most part somewhere over sixty years old apiece and nobody smoking or talking above a whisper out of respect for K dying. A real bunch of ghouls—Myer and me and Bronson included. Everybody still had their coats on so we kept ours on and the old lady was still wearing her red scarf when she faded off into the mob somewhere. Myer finally faded too, going around shaking hands with a lot of museum characters he knew. He knew everybody, most of them owed him money. All those people in one big white-washed room with a lot of whispery talk going around and their sad, serious faces hanging out gave me the creeps. Not Bronson, though. Bronson was actually standing on his tiptoes trying to see over everybody's head looking for Sharon. It was like he was at some big bust-out where he was supposed to meet somebody and he was looking for them, obvious as hell. I at least was embarrassed for him. That's the trouble when you take a crude guy like Bronson with you anyplace.

I was sort of halfway wanting to see K and halfway not. Where I had my eyes peeled was the door down at the far end of the studio, closed. I figured that's where K was. A middle-aged couple were sitting on a bench beside the door looking like a couple of gothic gargoyles, guarding it. I later found out they were Mr. and Mrs. Kolodin—the art collectors—who had, it so happened, bought up a lot of K's early work. I guess they were sitting there where they could hear the death rattle and find out if their investment was going to go up a couple of hundred thousand. I probably should have tried to make their acquaintance, though, since they still buy a lot of stuff off of unknowns.

It gave me a sadistic little kick to notice that Bronson got himself cornered in a corner with a little old lady who was whispering a blue streak at him about kids' books she did the illustrations for. As rude as Bronson was, twisting and straining, looking over her lacy shoulder and muttering, "Yeah, yeah, that's nice," he couldn't get clear of her. Sharon was nowhere around. (Nobody knew it yet, but Sharon was right that minute at Bellevue where they were holding her for "observation," like they always do, I hear, before they have this court trial whether or not you can be committed.)

I started wandering around listening to people's conversations.

I was halfway looking for some of K's canvases but all there was was a bunch of late stuff, small things, black-and-whites. K's black-and-white period is interesting but monotonous as hell. You could see places on the wall where his early work had been—big squares of clean white against where the rest of the wall was a kind of dirty yellow, like white paint always gets in a couple of years. I wondered where his early stuff was.

Everybody was talking about the good old days like the world was coming to an end tomorrow.

"Best review anybody ever wrote about K's work was that piece 'The Shame of the Chatsworth Mural.' "

"They don't have art scandals anymore, just scandals."

"Whatever became of Walter Main? K used to say he was the best draughtsman around and the second best colorist next to himself."

"He died of an ulcer out west somewhere."

"Walt Disney Studios. He was in Hollywood when he died."

". . . his wife? She married again I think. She runs a motel in Nevada for divorcees. Just the other day—"

The telephone rang. I happened to be right beside it so I answered it.

"This is George Maidenlane, is Marion there?"

It was funny hearing George Maidenlane's actual voice on a telephone. I figured Marion was Mrs. K (or Miss K, however you want to put it).

"Just a minute, Mr. Maidenlane."

I saw the red scarf go by me in the crowd and I caught up to her and told her who was calling. She took the phone. George Maidenlane, by the way, was this character who lived in an air-and-heat conditioned room on Minetta which he hadn't been out of since the Bronze Age. I think the place was sound-proofed with sheet rock and the doorknobs were electrified to discourage callers and such while George hibernated like Proust pounding out this tome that was going to run to about a hundred volumes called "The History of Solitude." Not that he was so terrifically solitary: there were fifteen cats in there with him. I heard that he used up the entire proceeds from a Guggenheim grant just on cat food alone. Friends brought him in celery tonic and the Daily Racing Form. Once in

awhile he telephoned out to cronies, like K for instance, or *Time* magazine to tell the world his views on mercy killing and announce that *Volume I* would appear any day now.

". . . dying, you know," I heard Mrs. K say, and I walked away out of politeness.

There were some people around I recognized. One old girl I knew was the widow of some famous writer from the twenties who wrote some book called Study-in-Something that some pocketbook publisher expurgated all the clean words out of and called Sex-Something that sold about a hundred million copies and was still selling. She was the only one there—except Mrs. Kolodin—who had anything on that looked like fur. I guess she was getting royalties from this book. She had a bunch of people around her and they were whispering about old times.

"Remember the famous street-warming party when Marion and K got evicted from this place the first time?"

"But of course," some ancient fairy said. "I helped them put the furniture in the street. We chalked off rooms with K's pastels and put the furniture inside the chalk lines."

". . . traffic on Bleecker. And the pedestrians took up a collection."

"And it rained and we drank Wally Simpson's homemade gin sitting under umbrellas, barefoot."

"What ever became of Wally Simpson?"

"He died. In the war of all places."

I walked on, wondering which war, when I realized I was back standing next to Bronson again. The old lady he was with was gone. I had walked all the way around the entire studio without knowing.

"You know what?" Bronson said. "They're like a bunch of children for christsakes. What'd they ever do back then but play tiddleywinks?"

What Bronson meant was that these birds never stole anything or beat anybody up. What they did was not pay their rent and cheerfully got evicted and everybody chipped in and they got back in again or when Con Edison shut off the current they had a party and burned candles at both ends or about the most dangerous kick was sneaking up the inside stairway of the Washington Square Arch and having a tea party up on top of it. Maybe they were a little bit

like children, but what the hell. Who wasn't? I felt like I could about halfway understand them even though we were about a million light years apart.

"Why'd you come then? What did you expect?"

"I figured Sharon would at least be around someplace with her old man about to kick off."

Typical Bronson. I guess he was planning some big sympathy routine just to get next to her. Only Bronson would think of trying to make out with some chick at her old man's deathbed.

We were standing in what was supposed to be the kitchen, you could tell, because that's where the cockroaches were the thickest and because the bathtub was in there. Everybody's bathtub is in the kitchen in a cold-water flat. And cold-water flats in New York are all in about the same cruddy condition, but this was a different kind of crud. Everything was old and beatup in the worst way, and even smelled old. The place had been painted—once—but that was a century ago and the white-wash was all yellow and streaked and the floor paint was long gone, the floor boards just bare and splintery now. The cockroaches were out and around like part of the family. I mean anybody's got cockroaches if they're living in a tenement somewhere, but these were so damn friendly. Every light in the place was blazing and they were out anyway, making theirselves perfectly at home. I don't know. Maybe I just imagined it, but these cockroaches looked sort of old and sick and tired like they had been scrounging around K's scrimpy breadbox forever and by now they were too weak and half-starved to move on. You figured they probably came out in broad daylight even, looking for some crumby crumbs, and nobody ever had the heart to step on them.

"That skylight looks like it's going to cave in any minute," Bronson said, looking up at the skylight.

It really was sagging a hell of a lot and I noticed nobody was standing under it. The glass panes were all taped together with friction tape where they were cracked and you knew the whole thing leaked all over the place when it rained or when the snow melted down through it. Bronson took off for the john. I was looking around for Myer or somebody to talk to when Mrs. K came out of the crowd with a busted-up orange crate in her arms and her eye fastened on me.

"—it does seem awfully cold."

I took the whole armload from her and said I'd be glad to help out any way I could and she went and got some kitchen matches and the next thing I knew I was building a fire in the fireplace. Myer came up behind me and dumped a couple of beatup logs on the floor. He had bought them at the A&P. This is the only town in the world where you buy firewood at the supermarket.

Well, when the smoke cleared out of the room and the fire got going pretty good everybody started easing over around the fireplace like they were going to sing Christmas carols or toast marshmallows or something. I had got hot enough just building the damn thing so I got up and got out of their way. Mrs. K was at the front door getting kissed on one withered cheek by this guy, Emery Nelson III, who was supposed to be a great poet and used to date Edna St. Vincent Millay and go drinking with Dylan Thomas. He was in fact at St. Vincent's Hospital when Dylan died—now here he was on the scene to see another buddy fade. He was calling the old lady "My Dear" and referring to K as "the last of the Great Ones" and either he was crying or the snow was melting down off his bald pate and just looked like tears. He had one time been the fair-haired boy poet of the Village back when he still had fair hair. Lately he just hung around all the known spots, letting people buy him drinks and boring them stiff with all his accumulated memories and writing poems on cardboard beer coasters and trying to sell them to the tourists. Right after I lent him five bucks once I got in an argument with him (he never got in an argument *before* you lent him money) about whether America killed Dylan or Dylan did himself in. He was always trying to convince somebody that America was out to kill poets, like himself for example, when the truth of it is America just ignores poets, like the rest of the world, everybody being too busy making a buck to pay any attention to poets and artists. America's no worse than anybody else when it comes to giving art a hard time. It's human nature. But just try arguing with a poet about America and art. Poets, Jesus.

The old girl who did children's books had been boiling up some tea water on the hot plate and now she came gliding across the studio wearing her prophylactic-looking galoshes that little old ladies always wear and the tea-bag tags flapping backwards out of

the teacups and some strings of hair had come loose out of the bun at the back of her head from the draft (Emery had left the hall door open) so that all she needed was a black pointed hat and a broom and she could have flown right out of one of her own picture books. The two cups of tea were for Mrs. K and Emery but she never got to deliver them, because just then there was a terrific *slam* and I thought at first it was the door Emery had left open blowing shut, but it wasn't. It was the bedroom door slamming *open*, and everybody, me included, looked down at the far end of the studio at the same time. There was K, big as life. Bigger, even, because everything about K was always larger-than-life size.

I remember hearing the teacups go and a lot of people sucking in air at one breath. The Kolodins, nearest the door, stood up all of a sudden like two animated totem poles, their jaws down to their adam's apples. I was very shook up myself, I'll admit.

God, he looked awful. All the color there was left to him was the color of dead white canvas before you prime it or put any paint on it and just a dark place where his mouth was marked off. His yellow-and-grey hair was standing on end like it was combed up into a horn, and his eyes—big as golf balls—stark-staring down that long length of studio at us. But he was just sort of wavering there on his spindly old legs that showed from under this striped cotton nightshirt he had on. That big paw of his that had gripped who knows how many hundreds of palette knives and brush handles in its day, was clutching onto the door handle with the last strength he had—and that was what must've held him up. He just stood that way staring and for about a minute everybody stared back, then Mrs. K cut loose and made a run for him and I was right behind her.

Who we needed right then was strong-arm Bronson, but naturally Bronson was nowhere around when you really needed him. Anyway, I was half-holding K on one side and the old lady was working to unfasten his hand from the doorknob, on the other side. Well, we finally got him loose and dragged him back into the bedroom. The door fell shut behind us. Getting him up on the bed was no picnic. He wasn't exactly struggling but he wasn't helping us any, either, and he felt like he weighed about a ton. I was surprised at how strong the old lady was. She was the one who mainly got him under the quilt and settled back, but of course she knew all the

wrestling holds to take hold of him by better than I did. This quilt was one that Mrs. K probably made, herself, out of K's used-up old neckties, but I don't remember ever exactly seeing K with a necktie on. She probably sewed them into the quilt before he ever got a chance to wear them.

K wasn't struggling any at all, but he was shaking all over, like a dog just out of water, and the whole bed shook with him. The quilt sort of pinned him down a little and Mrs. K was holding him by the shoulders while I was pressing down on his chest and all three of us were panting like mad, only K's breath sounded like it had glass in it. His mouth hung wide open and he was gagging a little on his own thick tongue. The old lady knew just what to do and fished his tongue up out of his throat so he wouldn't strangle on it (she didn't have to worry about getting her fingers bit off because his teeth were out) and I looked at her while she did it and saw she was smiling a kind of grim smile. You could tell K's dying was the second biggest thing that ever happened to her (the first biggest was K's not marrying her). The whole scene was way out, way out there where I seldom travel, and it was just then coming through to me where I was. I was right there in the same room with K and he was due to die any minute.

But I was getting my breath back. Then when K laid back pretty calm for a minute and she was wiping his mouth with a corner of the quilt, I took a look around the room. The breath went right out of me again.

She or somebody—but it must've been her—had stacked all of K's paintings around the room all over the place and even hanging from the walls as high up as the ceiling, I guess so's he could take a last look at his work before he died. I was nearly blinded. I never saw so much color together in all my life. Early stuff, stuff he did during the war, late stuff and all. Everything. All of it right there in that room. I don't know. I don't even know how to tell you. It was like you came out of the snowy winter world outside and into that studio where everybody was old and white and then inside *this* room, like a box inside a box inside a box . . . only opening *out*, out into all the color that ever was and the shapes of everything and lines that went on forever. It made me almost cry and scared the livers out of me at the same time.

But all I ever saw was all of it together. I never got a chance to see any one picture at one time because just then I felt K's iron grip gripping my wrist and I turned around then, quick. I remember hearing the old lady bent over him whining: "Oh please, don't . . . no . . . please—" whimpering down in her throat like a puppy crying, begging him not to die. And all the while K had hold of my wrist, practically squeezing the blood out of it, and I was pulling at *his* hand with my free one. Maybe he thought he had hold of the old lady. His tongue was moving in and out of his mouth over his dried-out black lips and the pink gums showed as his mouth worked—I could see he was trying to say something, but not to the old lady, to *me*. He was trying to pull me down to give the word close by, only I didn't want the word.

"*Let go*," I yelled. All I wanted was out.

He said something then but I don't know if I heard him or not. I remember I heard him say something but I was too damned panicky to remember what it was. In my crazy mixed-up mind I thought he was trying to drag me with him someplace, not just down to the bedside, but *way* down, or wherever, and I wasn't about to make *that* trip. I pulled back away from him with all my might and knocked over the bed-table doing it. The bed-table had a glass of water on it, with his teeth in it, and the whole works went crashing down all over the place. But K still had hold of me and the old lady was screaming something like, "This is the last—" Last word, last breath, last what I don't know. Just then he started vomiting blood and I felt his fingers go soft. Oh Jesus, the blood that sprayed out of him, blood everywhere, mostly on me. If you think dying like that is how it is in the movies you're out of your skull. It's awful, God awful. He let go of me all the way. I wasn't around to see him actually die. The studio door opened and somebody was coming in. I took off like a big-winged bird, crashing into Emery Nelson III on the way out.

There's nothing like good old solid Fifth Avenue to keep a man's feet under him. And the showcase window of a chic shoppe to lean against in emergencies.

"You look lousy, man, you know that?"

"Yeah, I'm a little anemic. I had leprosy when I was a child."

This didn't faze Bronson. He finished up telling me how the New York Public Library was going to reinstate K's library card, honorary and posthumously and all, even though K one time borrowed a bunch of art books that he never took back . . . when Thelma came out of the store walking this special way she walks—which is pretty striking because she did post-graduate work at Yale Drama School and for a long time was going to be an actress until she decided it was a rat race and got engaged to me instead. I was all set to introduce Bronson but Bronson just sort of flipped one finger to his eyebrow in a half-salute goodbye and said, "So long, ace," without even finishing what he was saying or waiting to get introduced. That's Bronson for you.

"Who was that boy in the smelly coat?" Thelma asked. Bronson still wore his sheepskin.

I just said, "Some guy I used to know," and let it go at that. You find out when you're engaged to somebody it doesn't pay to go into too much detail about who you used to know before you got engaged to them.

Thelma right away dropped Bronson and started telling me about some new-style handbag that was popular at the moment: all clear plastic except for these veins of gold running through the plastic like Roquefort cheese with simulated gold clasps and I was surprised she didn't carry one herself yet. She was still carrying last year's model: an Easter-basket-shaped one in pink-and-white with cute sayings written on it by Oscar Wilde and a number of witty people. A lot of things about Thelma might sound pretty corny and corrupt but she's really special, believe me. She took my arm and we started walking and she was still talking about these plastic handbags and I had just about got K jarred out of my brain when all of a sudden I wanted her to ask me stuff like: *What do you want out of life* or *What's going to become of us all* and I wanted to be able to answer her before we got to Sixth Avenue where the car was parked (her father's car) and say I wanted just what I had which was to be about to be married to a girl who was never known to wear a broken fingernail in public and would see to it that home-sweet-home was barred to cockroaches and peeled paint and when I died—which I was somewhat desperate not to do—I wanted the sheets under me to be ironed for god's sakes and my false teeth if I had to have them

in a crystal clean glass that nobody had ever kept linseed oil in. My answers to every Life question were building up as we crossed Fifty-Eighth and while we were waiting for this car jockey to hotrod the old heap (last year's Chrysler, but it was only the second car, so what the hell) down the spiral ramp from wherever in this sky-scraper parking lot it was parked I was so full of answers that the words would've gushed out of me if she had so much as raised an eyebrow at me. But she didn't. The car came and I paid the car guy and gave him a quarter for the speedy retrieve while Thelma got in the driver's seat, still talking, and I got in beside her, still thinking. She steered us into traffic heading for whatever bridge it was that would take us to Easthampton where Mother and Dad (hers) had this rambling ranch house on several levels built around a bar. *Drive fast, sweetheart,* I could hardly wait to get to that bar. We were going to spend the weekend out there and by now all the answers were running out of me like bathtub water and I was filling up with questions again. *Thanks, Bronson, thanks buddy.* Auld Lang Syne, Bronson. My built-in crystal ball already told me what the weekend was going to be and they haven't made the drink yet that would keep me from thinking about that night, remembering and trying not to remember, digging all that stuff out of myself when I should be resting up from forty Madison Avenue hours. Out there in old Easthampton I'd be trying to sleep and not sleeping, smoking my and everybody's cigarettes, all hours, thinking about it, trying to puzzle out what the hell happened that night and what was old K trying to tell me before he went out.

All the Soundless Music

By NORMAN FRIEDMAN

Always, when I pass through the roads of May
  I am kept from all that secret growth,
sealed up alone with my thoughts and my voice,
  cut off from the sun and insulated against the sky
by the glass of winter I'm surrounded by.

In this remote tube I watch deafly through the glass
  foals running in the tall morning beside their dams,
the rustle of silent birds busy among the bushes,
  the stir of chipmunks and foxes in the hedge
and the rise of a hawk soaring intently above them.

Behind such windows I knock vainly at the glass
  for I cannot touch or speak to those I see,
and suffocate to shatter through this noisy bulb,
  to master the elusive life which is hidden outside
amidst all the soundless music of the air.

Divorced by glass from the wild copulation
  of innocent geese, the promiscuous love of young rabbits,
the brief intensity of the snake's impermanent courtship
  and the unhindered play of erotic knowledge among the trees,
I am smothered by the naked harm of human consequences.

There must be something beyond this dry vacuum
  and thick glass wall of my container
that I'm protected from, and before I break free
  I'll lose it and it'll be June, a month which has
never kept anything from me, and which I know very well.

Although we have used NORMAN FRIEDMAN's critical articles (the last being "What Good Is Literary Criticism?" in the Fall '60 issue) this is his first appearance here as a poet. He teaches literature at the University of Connecticut and is the author of *E. E. Cummings: The Art of his Poetry* and *Poetry: An Introduction to Its Form and Art.*

Poem
(for P. L-S)

By JEFF BERNER

Foetus, puff-ball,
pod: you who are
sprung of the
innocent spittle of love,
lie still in your hammock
tied between those pillars of
sinew and tissue and pelvis,
lie still,
for now is
only when you may.
Foetus, puff-ball,
pod: that most strange
walnut shell,
the meat of which is brains
to become dreams and mimes
and
(I promise)
to become
anger:
for on that soon day
when the lithe hammock
which is my wife's belly
unfolds,
you will be allowed no sleep,
you who are born of the
innocent spittle
of love.

JEFF BERNER, a student at Arizona State University, has published poetry in *New Campus Writing* and *Liberation* and, he says, is seeking a patron.

Plato: His Defenders and Detractors

By R. D. LAKIN

■ Platonic criticism and interpretation occupies a space on the philosophical shelf proportionate to the space occupied by Shakespearean criticism in the realm of literature. In both cases the criticism and interpretation evidence a lively spirit of controversy, reminding one of Johnathan Swift's description of "The Battle of the Books":

> In this quarrel whole rivulets of ink have been exhausted, and the virulence of both parties enormously augmented. Now, it must here be understood, that ink is the great missive weapon in all battles of the learned, which, conveyed through a sort of engine called a quill, infinite numbers of these are darted at the enemy, by the valiant on each side, with equal skill and violence, as if it were an engagement of porcupines.

To continue the comparison briefly, one might further suggest that the numbers arrayed against each other in both realms of battle (the Shakespearean and Platonic) are justly described by Swift as being "maintained on the one part by resolution, and by the courage of certain leaders and allies; but, on the other, by the greatness of their number, upon all defeats, affording continual recruits."

To be sure, the ranks of the Platonic detractors remain small, and the Platonic defense has at no time been in serious jeopardy. Still, a rather concerted attack has been launched against Plato over the past twenty-five years, and the defenders have not been slow to respond. The rivulets of ink have swollen to torrential proportions, overflowing onto thousands of printed pages. The controversy re-

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volves around Plato's political philosophy and the question: "Was or was not Plato a totalitarian?"

The most recent and most comprehensive defender of Plato, Ronald B. Levinson, in his book, *In Defense of Plato*, systematically lists the cumulative charges made against Plato in recent years, concluding,

> But were not most readers left a little breathless by the variety and virulence of the accusations? Who would have thought the old man had so much bad blood in him? Defamer of his native Athens, betrayer of his master Socrates, racist, statist, propagandist unabashed, equivocating, man-hating, boy-loving, frustrated aristocratical snob—one was prepared for an imputation that the marble statue had feet of clay; we hear, instead, that it is composed entirely of mud.

Nor is Levinson exaggerating the charges (indeed he has worded one of the charges most euphemistically). For instance, Karl Popper, perhaps the most outspoken Plato detractor to date, persuades himself (and possibly others) in his massive work, *The Open Society And Its Enemies*, that Plato ended as a Machiavellian philosopher, par excellence.

> Plato, with all his uncompromising canvas cleaning, was led along a path on which he compromised his integrity with every step he took. He was forced to combat free thought, and the pursuit of truth. He was led to defend lying, political miracles, tabooistic superstition, the suppression of truth, and ultimately, brutal violence . . . he was led to distrust man and to fear argument . . . to look to a tyrant for help, and to defend the most tyrannical measures.

To chronicle and refute the intricate windings of this argument took Levinson seven hundred pages, and this writer has no wish to further strain the resources of the publishing industry by trying to reconcile Popper and Levinson in still a third volume. A matter which will bear looking into, however, is why a number of intelligent men with disparate points of view have reacted so violently against the Platonic tradition and have felt impelled to defame it almost in its entirety.[1] An obvious answer, of course, comes to mind. The rise of modern totalitarianism has made us overly sensitive to and sus-

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[1]The reader will find a list of Plato's detractors with a brief statement of their position in the bibliography.

picious of all systems not wholly democratic. Levinson partly excuses Popper because Popper was one of the Viennese refugees from Hitler's persecutions. Such an observation no doubt is quite pertinent. But another explanation has been suggested by a member of the attacking force, not so much by what he says as by the tone and force with which he says it. Warner Fite, one of the earliest Plato detractors in the group under discussion, asserted in his appropriately titled volume, *The Platonic Legend*, that Plato had become a veritable deity to philosophers.

> There are "disciples of Plato" corresponding to the disciples of Christ. And by the disciples of Plato any suggestion of imperfection in the mind or character of the master is treated as an act of impiety and resented with the same righteous indignation appropriate towards impiety as we expect from the disciples of Christ.[2]

These are the words of an indignant man, a man who relishes the task of exposing the idolatry of the unquestioning disciples. The question is, is this indignation at all justified, or is Fite a renegade worshipper himself (as implied by Levinson), who, having by chance been led to question one of Plato's doctrines, now feels compelled to bring the entire system tumbling down?

This question can perhaps best be answered by an examination of several of the conclusions reached by one of the most intelligent Platonic scholars, F. M. Cornford, since if there is cause for any such attitude of indignation in his work there is undoubtedly greater cause to be found in the works of other admirers of Plato. Furthermore, by selecting a different angle of vision from that of either his defenders or detractors, we may find it unnecessary to resort to psychological post mortems or philosophical polemics in order to explain Plato's political thought. In actual fact, it may be that his political system flows quite naturally from answers which he found to the problems of reality and knowledge and from his concern to promote a stable political state.

Cornford's general position is that Socratic and Platonic philosophies are distinguishable but essentially harmonious. Socrates

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[2]Among the disciples Fite lists such men as A. E. Taylor, F. J. E. Woodbridge, and Paul Shorey, the teacher of the current defender of Plato, Levinson.

created a philosophic revolution by his discovery of the soul and the importance of self-knowledge; Plato merely extended Socrates' insights in two ways: one, by systematizing those insights; and two, by applying them to the entire universe of nature, not just to man. The first step involved introducing, among other things, the doctrine of Forms and the doctrine of Reminiscence. Although Cornford believes that these doctrines are logical and compatible extensions of what he accepts as Socratic thought, these doctrines, on the contrary, introduce an element which is foreign to Socratic thought, namely, the element of certainty or absolute knowledge. This element (combined with Plato's concern to find a stable form of government) is precisely the cause of the eclipse of Socratic insight in the Platonic system—an eclipse recognized by Cornford, but in the mildest terms and with little hint of its important implications or concern as to *why* Plato should have gone astray. He writes in his book, *Before and After Socrates*,

> When Plato projected his reform of actual society and laid down its institutions, he was attempting to incorporate the new morality of aspiration in a reformed morality of social constraint. . . . [The Stoic] ideal of the wise man—the self-ruling and free individual—was derived from Socrates, rather than Plato.

Reviewing Cornford's treatment of Socrates, amazement deepens at his confidence about the close rapport between the two systems he describes. Cornford maintains throughout that Socrates' great contribution lies in his "principle of the morality of aspiration." (For this insight he acknowledges his indebtedness to Bergson's *Two Sources of Morality and Religion*. Interestingly enough, both Cornford and Popper have been greatly impressed with Bergson's distinction between the open and closed societies, while they have yet ended with radically opposed interpretations of Plato). This morality of aspiration involves "self-knowledge," "self-examination," and "self-rule." According to Cornford, "self-rule is the rule of the true self over those other elements—an absolute autocracy. For this inner judge of good and evil is also a ruler." Cornford admits some divergence here between master and pupil.

> Plato puts the virtue of "the respectable citizen" on the same level with the unremitting pursuit of duty characteristic of bees, ants, and other social insects. This is not what Socrates meant by "goodness." The whole content

> of his mission was to supersede the childish morality of blameless conformity by an ideal of spiritual manhood rising above the commonly acknowledged bounds of human capacity.

Only an inspection of the *Republic* itself can bring home the vividness of this Bergsonian description and show the difficulties involved in Cornford's determination to maintain that the core of Platonism remained the "new Socratic morality of spiritual aspiration."

As Cornford mentions, the *Republic* is the first dialogue in which all the characteristic ingredients of the Platonic philosophy are prominently displayed. Starting out in a thoroughly Socratic manner as a search for a definition of justice, the dialogue moves to a formal and comprehensive theory of the state. The approach throughout is logical rather than historical, even in the analysis of the origin of the state. At the heart of the book lies Plato's theory of knowledge as imbedded in his educational system. Here Plato introduces the element which begins to jar with the Socratic approach, that is, the possibility, at least theoretically, of achieving absolute knowledge. Through a severe regimen of training, including gymnastics, mathematics, and dialectic, the best intellects, who are also the rulers, have a chance to envision the supreme Form, the pinnacle of knowledge which Plato calls the supreme Good. This Form, in contrast with anything in the sensible world, is timeless and unchanging. A vision of this Form enables the beholder to remove the hypothetical quality from even that present knowledge which Plato considers most certain of all, mathematical knowledge. Such a man possesses clear knowledge of moral truth and wisdom. He sees and understands the end and goal of life. Who is better fit to rule the commonwealth, Plato asks.

As long as we isolate this view as merely an interesting theory about the possibility of attaining certain knowledge, we might be inclined to agree with Cornford that the *Republic* is simply an unrealizable projection of an ideal state, designed to serve as a pattern laid up in heaven. Yet Plato is more pessimistic about preserving the ideal state than in achieving it, because he feels that the materials necessary for possible achievement are available, though the materials, being sensible objects, would by their very nature probably not endure. Indeed, Plato hints that some individuals have already at-

tained at least a dim glimpse of this supreme Goodness. The noblest natures "must be made to climb the ascent to the vision of Goodness, which we called the highest object of knowledge; and, when they *they are now*, to remain on the heights."[3] (My emphasis) Who these people might be who are now on the heights is not spelled out by Plato, but I do not think that it would be uncharitable to suggest that a person who presumes to create an ideal pattern for the reform of government and the state might be included in such a group. Unless this is so, Plato's confidence in charting his theories of dialectic and education and government seem difficult to account for, since Socrates informs us that "without having had a vision of this Form no one can act with wisdom, either in his own life or in matters of state." Further evidence of Plato's genuine belief in the possibility of reaching such wisdom could be inferred from the program of studies which Plato initiated in his Academy and from the political exploits of Plato and other members of the Academy. Practical results were certainly expected from an education whose chief aim was to provide "a comprehensive view" and "the ability to see the connections of things," the prime requisites of the philosopher-king. This avowedly political orientation of the Academy is discussed by Levinson and all of the detractors.

The Platonic detractors all too often, in their search for devious and dishonorable political motives, have obscured the simple but profound connection between Plato's theory of knowledge and his political theory. There is no way to reconstruct the exact historical sequence of the various elements in Plato's thought, but a logical connection can be perceived. Plato had created the doctrine of Forms as an answer to the perplexing problems of appearance and reality, permanence and change, raised so forcibly by his Greek predecessors, Heraclitus and Parmenides. From Pythagoras he inherited the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. By combining the two concepts, he was able to explain how we come to know reality, to have knowledge, despite the ceaseless change of the sensible world. Reality lies in a world of eternal objects called Forms which we can come to know by recalling what our souls have seen in their previous exist-

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[3]All quotations from the *Republic* are from Cornford's translation.

ence. Thus are we provided a key to eternal and unchanging truth. While none of this reasoning necessarily entails the political system of the *Republic*, we do have historical evidence, including Plato's own testimony, that he was terribly disturbed by the political upheavals of his youth. He expressed the feelings he had at that time in a surviving letter:

> At the same time the whole fabric of law and custom was going from bad to worse at an alarming rate . . . [and I] fell at last into bewilderment. I did not cease to think in what way this situation might be amended and in particular the whole organization of the state; but I was all the while waiting for the right opportunity for action.

Ernst Cassirer, in agreement with many other commentators, describes Plato, in his *Myth of the State*, as the philosopher of stability whose fundamental tendency is to unify, order, and harmonize both in the political and the philosophical realms. This theme of harmony and unity makes a particularly strong impact in the *Republic* where the two main influences in Platonic thought have converged, that is, the theory of knowledge and the necessity for political reform.

There can be little doubt that Plato tended to equate the unchanging quality of the world of reality (the Forms) with perfection and change with imperfection, and then to carry this equation over to the realm of political theory. Popper may have erred in exaggerating this point, but Platonic defenders require some ingenuity to deny that Plato did come to associate political evils with change, and change with political decay. One example must suffice. In a passage where Socrates follows out the analogy of injustice in the soul with injustice in the state, he says that wherever the continuity of harmony is disrupted the elements of the soul

> usurp and encroach upon one another's functions and some part of the soul rises up in rebellion against the whole, claiming a supremacy to which it has no right because its nature fits it only to be the servant of the ruling principle. Such turmoil and aberration we shall, I think, identify with injustice, intemperance, cowardice, ignorance, and in a word with all wickedness.[4]

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[4]The only reference to anything that might be considered a positive view of change within the structure of the *Republic* occurs at 424a, and here the reference is limited to improving the breeding process through rigidly enforced eugenics.

Here and in other places there seems to be the implicit feeling that if perfect harmony could ever be achieved any change would necessarily be in the direction of imperfection.

If we make the assumption (and, in view of the previous discussion, it does not seem an unreasonable assumption, though it is by no means proven) that Plato has come to feel by the time the *Republic* was composed that he has acquired a certain share in the highest knowledge or wisdom and that he has become convinced that political stability is the most desirable and necessary condition for the city-state, we can explain certain of the more rigorous and dogmatic policies that he advocates, and also explain the change of tone from the earlier Socratic assertion that wisdom resides in the fact that "I neither know nor think that I know."

Perhaps the most severe policies that Plato advocates are the rigid classification of men, the suppression of artists and literature, and the paternalistic rule of the Guardians. In each of these policies we can see an overriding concern for unity and for permanence and stability.

Viewing knowledge as a strict hierarchy through which one proceeds as up a flight of stairs, Plato not unnaturally believes that he finds a similar ordering in the origin of the state. This order is based upon innate differences which create a division of labor. This division eventually becomes absolute, those individuals who are fit only for menial work being placed in the lowest social class, individuals capable of intellectual work being at the pinnacle of the social structure. Plato conceives that since each individual would perforce be doing that for which he is best suited, everyone would or should be happy, although he repeatedly indicates that he is "moulding our commonwealth with a view to the greatest happiness of the whole, not of one section of it," making clear that he is relatively unconcerned with the happiness of single individuals or even classes.

How much movement between these stratified divisions Plato would allow is a point of much disagreement among commentators. In the balance, though, it would seem rather little movement is anticipated. Only at one point does Plato expressly allow movement from the lower classes to the higher classes. On the other hand he frequently cautions against the dangers of an admixture. To use Plato's metaphorical language, the beginning of the end of the best

state possible comes "when the silver is alloyed with iron and the gold with brass."

This metaphor is involved in one of the most controversial issues in Platonic studies. In order doubly to ensure the wholehearted acceptance by the lower classes of the rule of the highest class, Plato devises a stratagem by which to create an historical support for this state of affairs. A story is to be told the citizens, the point of which is obvious. In part it says: "the God who fashioned you mixed gold in the composition of those among you who are fit to rule, so that they are of the most precious quality; and he put silver in the Auxiliaries, and iron and brass in the farmers and craftsmen." It is true that Plato intends to tell this story for what he believes the most benign purposes and that the story is in itself relatively harmless. Yet it does have a decided aura of intellectual dishonesty about it. It is less than an unequivocal search for truth. Plato's defenders have often shown some reluctance to admit this fact and have engaged in a certain amount of apologetics. Cornford, for example, offers as an extenuating circumstance that "the Guardians themselves are to accept this allegory, if possible." (One can hardly see how they could accept it, though, since Plato tells us that a prime trait of the Guardian is "truthfulness, a love of truth, and a hatred of falsehood that will not tolerate untruth in any form.") Cornford's distaste for the implications of this dubious procedure is exemplified in his translation. The allegory is generally referred to in translations as the "noble lie." Cornford translates it as "a single bold flight of invention." But no matter how the phrase is translated, Plato's intent remains somewhat compromised. True, as Cornford argues, the myth can be interpreted as a parable; but when a myth is intended to be accepted as a literal fact, as Plato suggests, it ceases to function as a parable and becomes perilously close to propaganda. I believe that the unwillingness of some Platonists to admit the implications of such matters as these has increased the suspicions towards the Platonic tradition of scientific and liberal minded persons in our age of propaganda. The actual extenuating circumstance is that Plato is basing his political theory on the possibility of absolute knowledge and deducing and justifying his system on that basis.

Along the same lines and for the same reasons—the harmony and welfare of the state—Plato banishes art and poetry from his

projected state. In the education of the Guardians, Plato was concerned to censor and to limit their contact with art. At the end of the book he concludes that art endangers the harmony of the soul, and hence of the state, and that therefore all art must be renounced as injurious, except that which is useful for celebrating the Gods. Plato's decision, one of direct political import, stems in part from the doctrine of Forms, arguing that art is the furthest removed from reality of all pursuits, and in part from the importance placed on maintaining the balance among the three elements of the soul. Once again, Plato's dogmatism on this point can be understood only if we imagine Plato being under the spell of the possibility of an absolute knowledge of the requirements for political reform, particularly so because Plato himself was fond of art. He exorcised it from his state out of the conviction that it was a dangerous and corruptive influence, rather than out of any innate hostility to it. He is not against the power of myth-telling *per se*, since he continues to use it to good effect in both discussions of political and natural philosophy, but against the incorrect use of myth. Despite Ernst Cassirer's curious doctrine that Plato was the first enemy of myth-making,[5] one cannot help but feel that Plato retained in a high degree the poetry and mysticism of myths. As Cornford says of the *Timaeus*, "Interpreters who seek to penetrate beneath the surface and reduce Plato's poetry to something men of science will accept as rational, run the risk of sacrificing what made it seem to Plato worthwhile to write the *Timeaus*." But at the same time we must be allowed to question the intent and the results of that poetry, just as Plato questioned traditional Greek poetry. Cornford seems insufficiently to allow for just these questions.

In advocating such apparently high handed policies, Plato has introduced an important change in Socratic thought and method. The *Republic* begins with the usual Socratic dialectic, the give and take of Socrates' famous drawing out of truth and falsehood by the question and answer technique. When the pursuit of justice starts in earnest, however, the questioning attitude gradually dissipates. A

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[5]Cassirer arrives at this conclusion because Plato's "myth of Er" stresses man's choice rather than the predestination of classical mythology. But the significance of this choice in the context of the *Republic* is ambiguous, to say the least, characterized as it is by inflexible control and the practice of eugenics.

tone of finality replaces Socrates' usual tentativness. His most tentative argument seems to be the likelihood of actually effecting the necessary reforms, not their desirability. Particularly at the crucial points such as the role of art and the need for myths is Socrates insistent. Socrates is quite certain about the kind of education needed for rulers; and, above all, he is certain about the central paradox of the *Republic*, that unless philosophers become kings, or kings become philosophers, there will never be political harmony for any state or any part of mankind. Since this is the controlling insight of the *Republic*, it may here be wise to repeat my argument that Plato has reached this conclusion because he believes that philosophers, through the powers of dialectic, can gaze on the divine Form of supreme Goodness whence flows all truth. Trained and disciplined, the philosopher strives mightily towards reality and "cannot linger among the multiplicity of things which men believe to be real, but holds on his way with a passion that will not faint or fail until he has laid upon the essential nature of each thing with that part of his soul which can apprehend reality because of its affinity therewith; and when he has by that means approached real being and entered into union with it, the offspring of this marriage is intelligence and truth." It is no mean question as to how many of us might gladly entrust our political fortunes to a man of such qualifications. Nor need it greatly surprise us to find that by the end of the *Republic*, Socrates has ceased to be a seeker after truth and has become a persuader of men to accept the truth. Perhaps it is because Plato felt uneasy about casting Socrates in this role that accounts for the removal of Socrates from the center of the Platonic stage to the wings.

Although the *Republic*, by virtue of its poetry and vision, commands most of the attention of commentators in the continuing quarrel about Plato's political theory, the later dialogue, the *Statesman*, has attracted notice because there is some kind of change evident in this dialogue. The defenders of Plato see the change as representing a move towards a more enlightened position, one less authoritarian in many ways; the detractors, on the other hand, interpret the dialogue as a continuance of Plato's trend to totalitarianism. While agreeing that there is a change, neither one of the above

theories to me seems applicable. These interpretations pay insufficient attention to the developments of Plato's work on the problems of knowledge. A brief discussion may help reveal the importance of that work to the observed change of attitude in the *Statesman*.

In the interim dialogues between the *Republic* and *Statesman* Plato has wrestled with the problems of accounting for truth and falsehood and developing a method for dealing with such problems. In the *Theaetetus* and *Sophist* dialogues Plato evolved the beginnings of such a methodology. The *Statesman* is an attempt to apply that methodology in the search for a definition or for the Form of the statesman. As the Stranger from Elea who carries the burden of the argument declares, "Why did we set ourselves the problem? Is our chief purpose to find the statesman, or have we the larger aim of becoming better dialecticians, more able to tackle all questions?"[6] Plato now has in mind a specific procedure for moving among the Forms which constitute the highest realm of knowledge—or more correctly, which constitute the only realm of knowledge. He is seeking to refine and to make explicit the technique of dialectics as a science and to construct a methodological model. As in the *Republic*, he insists that dialectics requires training and skill in order to perceive the Forms in their true proportions. From the *Republic* we know that the Forms exist in a hierarchy with the richest or most important Forms at the top, comprehending or including all the Forms below. The problem is to separate out of this matrix the specific Forms for which we are looking, such as red or table or statesman.

This dialectical procedure of separation in the *Statesman* is largely a matter of classification in which the rules for classification remain still, alas, somewhat vague. At one point the Stranger says that "we must only divide where there is a real cleavage between specific Forms," and at another, "let us divide them according to their natural divisions as we would carve a sacrificial victim." Correct division requires a dialectician with a highly developed faculty for clearly perceiving the similarities and differences between the various species. He must be able to group together individual objects which

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[6]All quotations from the *Statesman* are from the Ostwald edition of the Skemp translation.

are linked by a common essence, yet which are truly distinguished from all other species. This process would be enormously simplified, of course, if the dialectician had beheld the supreme Form, in which case all the relations and groupings of the forms could be easily deduced and recognized.

Significantly, no such claim is made or discussed. The only short cut suggested is to be guilty of making a messy job out of the carving by dividing into unequal groups or classes. Gone is any mention of deducing the Forms from a single vision of a supreme Form. The grand conception of dialectic in the *Republic* has shrunk to the manageably human proportions of collection and division introduced in the *Sophist*. Though Plato had demolished the arguments of the materialists and the relativists in the *Theaetetus* and *Sophist* and had established his own answers to some of the problems of knowledge, he had had reference not to the lofty reaches of the supreme Good but to a methodology which he had constructed on the basis of logic and science (as he understood it).

It is as though one of Plato's friends, after reading the *Republic*, had approached Plato and said: "Look. This business about the dialectic is all very well and good. But assuming someone has the intellectual requisites you mention, just how does he proceed?" And Plato, being a fair-minded man, agreed that this question was a pressing one and set about giving content to the doctrine of dialectic so persuasively set forth in the *Republic*. His difficulties in the later dialogues in establishing such a science seems to have occasioned both a more realistic and a more modest attitude towards the possible claims of dialectic, changes which are parallelled in the political statement of the *Statesman*.

In fact, the most striking thing about the dialogue is its title, the "Statesman." Here is no philosopher-king, but a highly skilled artisan. Fully competent in his field, he can make no claim to infinite wisdom or absolute knowledge. Statesmanship is merely one form or kind of knowledge. He is not sufficient-unto-himself in his rule and must rely on the services of others. His role is described as that of a physician to the state. He prescribes various cures for the ills of the state just as a regular physician prescribes cures for his patient, and he gives his personal attention to the more serious cases. But, by the same analogy, the state can get along without its ruler-physi-

cian. The state has a harder time of it and will not always be in perfect health; still, if it takes care and follows the old wives' tales and conventional remedies, it may yet expect to cure its worst troubles or at least to exist in spite of them. This fact must be so, he observes, because some actual states, amazingly enough, have endured for a considerable time. Plato has accepted the fact that some alternative method for stable political rule must and can be found in lieu of the arrival of a philosopher-king, without whom Plato had previously maintained that mankind could never expect surcease from troubles.

On this interpretation the change evidenced in the *Statesman* is attributed to a closer coming to grips with the world of appearances on Plato's part in his entire philosophy. The ideal still remains—but Plato admits that the ideal is unlikely to be achieved. Indeed, the ideal state would be the Form of a state, and Forms never exist in a pure condition in the world of appearances. But we have to make the best we can out of appearances. So Plato is much more ready now to discuss the "second-best" state. The question that remains to be answered is whether or not this changed attitude reflects any basic change in Plato's political vision.

Just as the major tenets of Plato's theory of knowledge (the doctrine of Forms, Reminiscence, and his conviction that only the eternal is real and can serve as knowledge) have remained unchanged in the later dialogues, so it may be argued that his political theory is essentially unchanged. True, democracy has changed position slightly from its rank in the *Republic*. As the least harmful form of government, it now heads the list of degenerate states. But surely this is a splendid example of damning with faint praise. The basic criteria of judgment of political perfection remain unchanged: unity, stability, and harmony. These are the overriding considerations, regardless of whether they are brought about by a statesman or a body of laws. The primary task of both the statesman and the laws is to weave the various elements of the state into one regular, harmonious pattern. The inhabitants of this state will obtain as much happiness as it is possible to obtain in a state.

But, where in the *Republic* we were in the hands of a veritable demigod possessed of nearly divine powers, in the *Statesman* we are asked to entrust our political fortunes to a merely superb citizen, a master of one discipline, or to the laws of custom, convention, and

tradition. We are here in a realm at once more familiar and less engaging. Although Plato appears, as usual, to assume that the statesman or the laws inaugurate their rule without an attending struggle for power or use of force, he spells out at greater length than in the *Republic* the decisive measures which both the laws and statesman would find necessary to combat disturbing elements in the state, disturbing elements being defined as both those who cannot perceive the justness of the laws or of the statesman's rule or who are naturally disruptive of the peace. His analogy between the statesman and the doctor is illuminating. "It makes no difference whether their subjects be willing or unwilling. . . . It is the same with doctors." Few persons today would feel that they needed to submit to a doctor's prescriptions unless they were convinced that those prescriptions were for their own good, and of course we would not recognize a doctor's right to force a person to submit. Plato, on the other hand, places the physician's art above the wishes of the patient. He believes that regardless of one's feelings, the doctor knows best. In the interests of the whole, the doctor of the state must compel his citizen-patients to submit or else he must eliminate them from the body politic. Plato's detractors have naturally seized on some of Plato's boldest measures in this area as indicative of his sinister designs.

However, sinister motives do not need to be found or invented in order to explain Plato's political theory. Even the rather brief analysis presented here indicates the consistency and unity of Plato's political ideas with the rest of his philosophy, and at least the possibility of their being deduced from or explained by other aspects of his philosophy. Yet it is amazing how little attention the detractors pay to this aspect of Plato's philosophical development. Even those critics who grasp the necessity of understanding Plato's theory of knowledge in explaining his political thought proceed to transform it into a theory which patently conflicts with other elements of Plato's teachings. (Popper's theory of "historicism" is a fine example of this error.) The Platonic critics usually treat the theory of knowledge as a mere rationalization for his political ideas, or as a disguise for Plato's own political ambitions, or, at best, a confirmation of his innate distrust of human capacity. Sociological and psychological conjecture in their case has been allowed to distort the balance of Plato's complete philosophical system. Nor have most of the detrac-

tors, in their dissatisfaction with and rejection of the political answers which Plato gives in his dialogues, given sufficient credit to Plato for having asked almost all of the right questions about the nature and conditions of political stability.

Nevertheless, it is clear that much of the attempt at a demolition of Platonic philosophy has been inspired by a reluctance on the part of many commentators to admit the limits of Plato's political vision. In Cornford's work can be seen the germ of that peculiar brand of Platonic idolatry which has triggered off most of the vigorous assaults on what Fite has dubbed the Platonic Legend. The difficulty in Cornford's interpretation is that he wants to contend that Plato's thinking continued always to be informed with Socrates' morality of aspiration, even though he himself makes the admission that "Plato was prepared to impose beliefs upon the whole of society. . . . If only a few men can become philosophers, the rest must be taught to do as they are told." Surely we must doubt whether or not a philosopher who comes to such conclusions as these could ever properly have understood the morality of aspiration as described by Cornford and based on Bergsonian insights. Is not Plato's thought rather consistently determined by what Bergson calls the morality of pressure? And does not Plato's vision of the political society correspond to Bergson's formulation of the closed society—"authority, hierarchy, and immobility"?

Discovering this fact, however, need not entail a complete rejection of Plato's political theory. Instead, it requires the most profound study of Plato's thought as possibly the most cogent and lucid alternative to the democratic or open society ever recorded. As one of Plato's critics, R. H. S. Crossman, has concluded: "I still find the *Republic* the greatest book on political philosophy which I have read. The more I read it, the more I hate it: and yet I cannot help returning to it time after time." Perhaps the torrents of ink and the polemical heat generated by the continuing attack and defense of Plato have been worth while if they have enticed readers to the pages of Plato in order to "find out for themselves."

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Bridge

By HAROLD WITT

Close-up, a concrete strip whose girders whiz,
an airy piece of road we ride across,
think nothing of, one way from land to land,
but built, on second thought, of blood and loss,
different from where it spreads a distant fan,
peacock of steel whose feet are in a mist.

Now we must ask the sea what welders fell
to arc this structure like an ecstasy
against blue islands and the pink cloud pile,
and what designer dared suspend belief
to stretch the beauty of the possible
from point to point and anchor it so well,

why in a certain light and line by line
these pillared tons bamboo to Japanese,
a garden bridge far figures flutter on
and blurring cars are colors meant to please,
or why it rises in a greyer dawn,
welted with barnacles, from swirling brine,

a monumental triumph of the mind
outwitting outer tides and inner sharks
better than Egypt did with pyramids
or parthenons that blazed the Grecian darks—
star measurers, piling exactitudes,
the shapes of dream they stonily aligned

outwear comparison, ah, but here—
this harplike swoop is open for our hope,
a windy music strums it as we speed
or walk along high edges looking out,
freer to choose, and balancing between
sun and wet, wormed earth and birded air.

HAROLD WITT's poems have appeared in the *Antioch Review*, *The New Yorker*, and way stations in between. His latest book, *Beasts in Clothes*, was published by Macmillan in 1961.

■ BOOKS

The Thirties: Gloom, Doom, and Promise

By LOUIS FILLER

Most of us suspect that we have some serious investment in the 1930's, but more than a year of pondering and examination, as well as other experiences with the subject, convinces me that we do not know what that investment is, or how we can best utilize it. This fact, if it is the fact I believe it to be, is doubly curious in that the Kennedy Administration would like very much to utilize the heritage of the thirties. It builds its case for Medicare on the earlier case for Social Security. It strives to organize a Youth Corps in frank imitation of the earlier Civilian Conservation Corps, the C.C.C. Its concern for depressed areas, for the unemployed, for underprivileged elements is couched in the crisis terms which the New Deal itself fancied.

Nevertheless, there is no New Deal, and there is some question of what it could look like today if it should be directly proposed. Our pacifists are a lonely, if almost respectable, sect. One way or the other, we will maintain the armed services in the style to which they are thoroughly accustomed at the expense of any or all other national interests. Our urban renewal program is scarcely off the ground. Our youth stumble on, as individuals and as targets for social action. Last year, the Freedom Riders were in the news. This year, the White Citizens Councils seize the headlines, with several counter-efforts. Duke University desegregates, but most of us realize that this does not announce a flow of Negro students into that outstanding institution. The challenge to reformers continues. It is unlikely to be clarified, if we are unable to clarify the meaning of the thirties.

James Wechsler, editor of the New York *Post*, in his *Reflections of an Angry Middle Aged Editor* (1960), wrote essentially in defense of the

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LOUIS FILLER, Professor of American Civilization at Antioch College, has published widely on American questions. He has just completed editing *The Anxious Years: A Collection of Writings from the Thirties*, which Putnam will publish this spring.

values of the thirties. He contrasted its interest as he had known it in labor, in radicalism, in change, in world affairs, with the mindless rebellion he noted today, as at a large meeting of college youth, a meeting which had featured Jack Kerouac who, incidentally, had gone on drinking brandy throughout the "discussion." Wechsler called for a new campaign against the remnants of McCarthyism. He longed for a rebirth in politics such as had once produced energetic efforts and plans for social rebirth. Who would wish to oppose Wechsler in principle? Yet the New York *Post* is not a major newspaper. In California, the Republicans produce Joseph Shell, whom Herb Caen calls the dinosaur's candidate for governor; yet Californians, at least, realize that Shell is far from being alone in the world. What gives such persons, with their frankly reactionary social principles, their stolid indifference to the facts of life, the strength they can boast?

Don Congdon calls his generous collection of articles *The Thirties*, but he adds a significant sub-title: *A Time to Remember*.[1] It should not be necessary for anyone to remind us not to turn our backs on past experience. But it is. We are Americans. We know how easily Americans can wipe out their memories, how little we transmit them to our youth—or have them to transmit. A teen-ager asked her young *history* teacher something about the Russian Revolution. The woman answered self-consciously: "I wouldn't know; I wasn't born then." Such an answer would be appropriate from my cat, who is a handsome creature; it is very discouraging coming from an alleged human being. Congdon has a good background for his job as an editor. His parents lost their small hotel when the Depression struck. He himself finally got a job for twelve dollars a week, out of which he paid rent and ate. He and his friends argued social and political issues freely, but he also recalls his interest in the Gashouse Gang in the National League, and in the Chicago World's Fair, belt-backed men's suits, and Nedick's, "where a breakfast of two doughnuts, orange drink and coffee cost ten cents." *The Thirties*, he agrees, must include social reform and politics, but his resume takes him far afield: it is also about Joe Louis and about John Dillinger, about dust storms and about the *Morro Castle* fire; about Marian Anderson and the D.A.R. as well as about Orson Welles and the "invasion" from Mars. It is about Munich and about Americans fighting in Spain, about Prohibition and about apple-sellers, about jazz and about sit-down strikes, about Clifford Odets and about the Lindbergh kidnapping. It gives due space to

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[1] *The Thirties: A Time to Remember*. By Don Congdon. Simon and Schuster, 1962. $7.95.

W.P.A. and banks and farmers and politics—left, right, and center—but only in the context of other affairs. I deliberately list subjects likely to strike reminiscent notes, and several which are likely to seem expendable. If one does not recall the *Morro Castle* fire, so what? Have we not suffered catastrophes of our own? Does not every age produce them?

The answer is, yes and no. We have catastrophes, but do we understand them? Do they strengthen us, philosophically? Out of such a catastrophe as the Lisbon Earthquake, Voltaire derived the inspiration which gave us his *Candide*. Our problem is that we think about things in fits and starts. On the popular level we have had in recent times cycles of motion pictures exploiting such themes as justice for the Negro, labor racketeering, alcoholics, the mentally disturbed, juvenile delinquency, and other social problems. But everyone realizes there is nothing permanent about such films; one can hardly recall their names, or what they were supposed to demonstrate, or even what they were about. The thirties need to be grasped *as a whole*, if they are to be meaningful, and if we are to be able to prove that we can master the sixties as a whole.

This should encourage us: the thirties were people, and we would like to think we are people, too. In such a book as Murray Kempton's *Part of Our Time* (1955), one might get the impression that the thirties were wholly absorbed in questions of labor, Communism, and New Deal issues; and, indeed, these were strategic questions, operating upon us whether we were interested in the facts or not. There is no harm and much gain in being able to discuss such topics without wandering, and in the thirties people were able to do so, perforce. They were too close to anxiety to want to avoid them too long; the poet Auden called it and its aftermath "The Age of Anxiety," remember? There is anxiety in the sixties, too, I need hardly say, but its qualities differ. We take heart from astronaut achievements, as those in the thirties took heart from the organization of the C.I.O. and the exciting hopes created by the passage of national legislation: N.R.A., W.P.A., Social Security. People in the thirties feared fascism but were encouraged by the social component in the activities of the New Dealers, co-operatives, Socialists, Communists. We fear Communism now, and, especially as we survey the foreign scene, take heart from what?

Mr. Congdon's contributors include journalists, novelists, academic people, historians, and in a few cases participants. Alvah C. Bessie was in Spain and gives his version of the tragic expeditionary forces of which he was part. Happily, for clarity and for the facts, a report is appended which presents the grim truth that Communists manipulated some

American idealists, and what used to be called "innocents," in their own not always far-sighted interests. I have long argued that to be "disillusioned" with Communism is simply not enough. Its actual strength and attraction needs to be assessed, and if we cannot do a good job of assessment in respect to the past, we may do a poor job of it in more immediate contexts. People do not support or condone Communism merely because they are stupid, or lack data. It satisfies wants, for better or worse. It seems preferable to alternatives. A recent issue of the *Saturday Evening Post* features articles which "prove" the world-wide and domestic failures of Communism. But if we continue to lose countries abroad, and if the labor analyst Victor Reisel turns out to be correct in claiming that American Communists are doing very well here at home, financially and organizationally, what will we do? And will it suffice for the *Saturday Evening Post* chaps to say: "Oops. Sorry"?

To understand the thirties is to help understand the sixties, and that means developing an interest in, a competence in interpreting, the *details* of the thirties, rather than merely its high-level achievements. It means reading with attention Louis Adamic on "New England's Tragic Towns" and Irving Bernstein's "Catastrophe in Coal," as well as Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., on the Inaugural of Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Bruce Bliven on Boulder Dam. It means becoming absorbed in Eric Sevareid's memories as a hitchhiker and John Riddell's ironic "How to Relieve Everybody," as well as Frederick Lewis Allen's "When the Farms Blew Away," an excerpt from his informal history of the time, *Since Yesterday*. It means thinking about H. L. Mencken, or rethinking him, as we read his "The Choice Tomorrow," which told why he would be voting for Alfred M. Landon on Election Day, 1936. Articles on Court packing, strikes in Detroit, in Flint, and at General Motors can be examined for any light they may throw on labor's potential in our own time. Can workers develop a tenth of the guts necessary to stir up their own brains, their social conscience, their ability to outwit union hoodlums and cheats—a tenth, I say, of the guts they showed in the thirties, in clashes with company hoods and police in demonstrations and on the picket-lines? Did labor "martyrs" die so that these people might take up their classic stance before the television sets, beer bottles clenched firmly in fists? If so, we need to reconsider who are the dinosaurs.

It is a curious thing that Congdon's anthology does not feature to any notable extent the capitalist elements of the country in that time. Franklin D. Roosevelt was, after all, a country squire, not a capitalist. We could, perhaps, profitably stand an analysis of the role of such leaders in recent times, comparing the role of the Roosevelts in this century, say, with that

of the Adamses in the last. I miss a chapter on Wendell Willkie, who will be, surely, a striking phenomenon of the forties when it gets written up, but who was also a phenomenon of the thirties, when he wore horn-rimmed glasses and fought almost (but not quite) to the death for Commonwealth and Southern Corporation and therefore against the organization and furtherance of the Tennessee Valley Authority.

The waters keep moving under the bridge. Who are our proper leaders today? Whom ought labor to support, and on which issues? I would read *The Thirties* chapter on Fiorello La Guardia with close attention, if only to help build up my resistance to the idea which seeps about that ours is the Golden Age of the Musical Comedy. And I would read the chapter on Huey Long, if only to recall that he is one of the most extraordinary figures and legends in our history and that he can happen again in one shape or another. Incidentally, this chapter is by Hodding Carter, who calls himself a southern liberal, which means, he once said, that he is called no liberal in the North, and no true southerner in the South.

I have saved the Prologue for the last. John Steinbeck's "I Remember the Thirties" first appeared in *Esquire*, that notable journal of reform, several years ago. It was well illustrated with those photographs of the time which were so sharp and forthright, and which give a clear-grey impression of the truth. Even *Life*, in those days, curbed its propensities for wiseguyism and reflected something of the reality of American existence. I wonder whether we may not, ten years from now, and despite all the "camera art," have to hunt around for photographs which can help us discover what these present muddled days and years are all about.

"Sure I remember the nineteen thirties," says Steinbeck, "the terrible, troubled, triumphant, surging thirties." He remembers 1929, too, and it seems to him the symbol of a different time. From it, he recalls "the drugged and happy faces of people who built paper fortunes on stocks they couldn't possibly have paid for." He himself was outside their circles, far outside, "writing books no one would buy." The Depression, so to speak, caught up with him, rather than he with it, and, it seemed to him oddly, brought him prosperity, for his books sold. This frightened him, he tells us; he feared he might be building up a standard of living which his subsequent earnings would not support. American writers are wise not to imagine that they are ever secure in the hearts of their countrymen, merely because they have written distinguished books and been honored with best-seller status and respect from the publishers' female secretaries. Steinbeck does not, in his article, tell us much about the country's De-

pression, but he tells us something about how Americans think and feel. "By 1936 the country must have been on the upgrade. When a writer does well, the rest of the country is doing fine." Not necessarily true. It's just that a new crowd of writers is being more or less patronized. F. Scott Fitzgerald was doing rotten, in a high-income way. Other writers who had been treated as living immortals a few short years, or even months, back, were so far forgotten that there is scarcely any point to mentioning their names. Well, I will mention one: James Branch Cabell. But the important fact is that the way Steinbeck was thinking was the way non-writers, non-intellectuals were also thinking, in their own fashions. They made adjustments. They patronized the movies and radios and such other diversions of which *The Thirties* speaks as baseball, football and prize-fighting. Steinbeck almost makes the thirties sound like fun: "For entertainment we had the public library, endless talk, long walks, any number of games. We played music, sang and made love. Enormous invention went into our pleasures. . . ."

It depended on your crowd. Steinbeck lived in Pacific Grove, California. He doesn't seem to have known the university crowd, graduating into unemployment and bitterness. His wasn't the city crowd, which endured its own traumas. He and his vaguely, though not quite, of course, reflect the spirit of *Tortilla Flat*. One thing is absolutely sure: Steinbeck's reminiscences do not reflect the spirit of *The Grapes of Wrath*, which saw America as a world in ruins, a world which wanted vast rebuilding, even a world (on its last page) in chaos, requiring total creation, from the beginning: a new Genesis.

Steinbeck thinks the sixties are like the twenties. A friend took him into a broker's office in New York. He looked at the crowd of people munching sandwiches and watching stock quotations on the trading board: "Their eyes had the rapt, glazed look one sees around a roulette table." No doubt. And if that were all there was to us, we would be doomed. I go back to first principles. America is the Land of Opportunity: a chance to use our experiences, a chance to misuse them. I would like to think that we are not too far gone to be able to catch up with ourselves. I would like to think that Archibald MacLeish's Depression lines could apply to us, as well as to the gloomy hordes of the thirties: "We don't know—we can't say—we're wondering." After all, the thirties, Steinbeck's "terrible, . . . triumphant . . . thirties," ended in the protracted horrors of World War II. If the people of that time were, because they had to be, smarter about their shrunken finances than we are about our swollen finances—perhaps we can be smarter about our shrunken chances for surviving the threat of a third world war than they were about avoiding the second, not be-

cause we are better than they were, but because we have to be better, in order to preserve the promise of Man.

I have no doubt that doing this will require some drastic adjustments in our affairs. We will have to curb existentialist thinking and living, at least to the extent that it leaves us stupidly unaware of how we stand. We will have to learn to become impatient of nitwits and put them down when they become obstreperous. We will actually have to cope with juvenile delinquency, the problem of the family, and of the city, and of social responsibilities in general, instead of leaving such problems in the hands of bureaucrats and time-servers who flatter us and do not inform us. But if we are opposed to dying as stray dogs die, we can learn to control our intelligence and maturity. If we do not lose time. If we respect our opportunities.

Editor's Shop Talk

(*continued from page 396*)

space. We also welcome news stand and book store distribution queries, and, of course, manuscript and general remarks from readers."

The words of hope, determination, and fiscal paranoia are familiar—as is the appearance of the spotty mimeographing of the issue itself—but somehow the tune is from a far different drummer than those heard by the little magazines we know.

As for the contents of Vol. I, No. 1, they consist of an exposé of The Establishment, "an international fraternity comprised of a variety of anti-Western-Christian cultural elements"; a poem, "Wisdom" (sample line: "Joy-fretted avenues/ of virtue are all blind"); an article on "the first political prisoner in the United States"—General Edwin A. Walker; a story recalling the idyllic days of 1937 when a farmer gave a young hobo a meal and a dollar to see him on his way; a review of *Red Star Over Cuba;* and ads for The American Bookstore of Dallas ("Patriotic Books"), *The Truth About Communism* by Robert O. Bowen, and the Honda motor scooter.

Forty-eight pages measuring 4¼ by 5½ inches doesn't take long to read, and when we finished them we felt bored from within. P.H.R.

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